TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT TO YOU.
See page 2.

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

The Best Gift for a Wireless Friend

A Set of the New Osram Valves

with the New Filament

MADE IN ENGLAND

A Complete series for 2 Volt, 4 Volt, & 6 Volt users

Sold by all Wireless Dealers

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

This Magnificent Writing Set FREE to boys and girls

The "Toby" Pen is fitted with a real 14 carat solid gold nib, tipped with iridium, the hardest and most costly material for pen points in the world. The children can do their best work with this Pen for it has a touch like velvet. The Companion Propelling Pencil in beautiful Art Shades, is a beauty, complete with extra leads

A wonderful offer from "TOBY"—the magazine for children

SEE what "Toby" is offering FREE to your boy or girl! A magnificent 5/6 Writing Set consisting of a lever self-filling Fountain Pen fitted with a **real 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped,** and a lovely companion Propelling Pencil.

This wonderful offer is made to introduce "Toby" to thousands more children.

"Toby," which is only sixpence monthly, is just the kind of magazine that you would like your youngster to read. It contains good wholesome stories of adventure, the jolliest pictures imaginable, competitions, and with each issue a grand coloured cut-out model that "works" is offered FREE.

In order to secure one of these Gift Sets "Toby" asks you to allow your child to give "Toby" a trial for just three issues. When you see how eagerly "Toby" is devoured every time it arrives, we feel that you will wish your child to take it regularly.

The coupon below will bring you the special FREE 5/6 Gift Voucher. Fill it up now.

To "Toby," Department "B," 95, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I wish to secure one of your Free 5/6 Writing Sets for the child whose name and address appears below. Please send me a FREE 5/6 Gift Voucher. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny stamp to cover return postage.**

Name of Child .....

Address .....

.....

Signature of Parent .....

This offer is limited to children between the ages of five and thirteen.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

165

MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

We give below the names of a few only who benefit this week:

FIRE UP TO £400

CROSSGATES, FIFESHIRE.—Mr. R. MURWELL, Rankines Bldgs.
STALYBRIDGE.—Mr. J. REECE, 48, Bk. Grosvenor Street.
COWDENBEATH.—Mrs. E. SAVAGE, 20, Chapel Street.
YSTRAD MYNACH.—Mrs. M. MORGAN, 3, Brvn View Avenue, Brynmynach.
EXETER.—Mrs. J. ROACH, 44, Coombe Street.
FELIXSTOWE.—Mr. G. GRIGGS, 75, Queen's Street.
BURNTISLAND, FIFE.—Mrs. A. SCOTLAND, 7, High Street.
ELLAND, YORKS.—Mr. A. H. RAMES, 76, Catherine Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. H. A. PERNEY, 769, Dumbarton Road, Partick.
PLYMOUTH.—Mr. J. GREENSLADE, 102, Beaumont Road, St. Jude's.
CONSETT, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. JOHN GUNNION, 5, George Street.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mr. FREDERICK DICKENS, 10, Railway Street.

STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

FLEETWOOD.—Mr. ELIAS CROWTHER, 5, North Albion Street.
BEESTON.—Mr. A. DUNHAM, 37, Town Street.
TREHAFOD, Nr. PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. WM. EVANS, 23, Gwaelion Road.
WEST STANLEY, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. J. POGSON, 54, Eden Terrace, Oxhill.
GLYNNEATH, GLAM.—Mr. I. C. THOMAS, 6, Dock Terrace.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. MARGARET WILLIAMSON, 12, Mains Drive, Maryfield.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. W. EBBINGTON, 43, Stephenson Street.
MORECAMBE.—Mr. I. AINSWORTH, 11, Harrington Road.
HOLYHEAD.—Mr. G. L. HUGHES, Dudley House, Kingsland.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. N. SMITH, 178A, Gt. Ancoats Street.
CAERAU, Nr. BRIDGEND.—Mr. T. M. DAVIES, 57, Caerau Road.
FLEETWOOD.—Mrs. I. J. MADDOCK, 14, Wyre Street.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

AYR.—Mrs. G. GLEN, 18, Quail Street.
BRISTOL.—Mr. A. BURGE, 2, Westminster Road, Whitehall.
MIDDLETON, LANCS.—Mrs. G. MARCROFT, 9, Norton Street.
ARCOED, MON.—Mrs. A. POOLE, 6, Greenfield Terrace.
ROSS-ON-WYE.—Mr. WM. HUTTON, Ivy Cottage, Whitchurch.
PORT TALBOT.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 62, Tre Felin Crescent, Velindre.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. G. PURDON, 25, Northam Street, Landport.
BARNSLEY.—Mr. WM. HIRSCHLIFFE, 3, Gordon Street, Stairfoot.
HAVERTON HILL-ON-TEES.—Mr. A. J. FINCH, 6, Farndale Grove.
SITTINGBOURNE, KENT.—Mrs. J. DENNE, 94, High Street, Newington.
STEVENSTON, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. E. McGUIRE, 6, Carment Drive.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. A. HOPKIN, 45, Ynisydarren, Ystalyfera.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

CARLISLE.—Mrs. D. STORDY, Red House Thurstonfield.
EAST KIRKBY, NOTTS.—Mrs. G. KNOWLES, 60, New Street.
RUSTINGTON, SUSSEX.—Mrs. K. R. DICK, Manhattan, Knights Croft Avenue.
FELLING-ON-TYNE.—Mr. T. BARRETT, 1, Ivy Terrace.
DONCASTER.—Mr. J. W. FLEMAN, Raft Yard, West Stockwith.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. H. JENNINGS, 41, Fisher Street, Castle Green.
NELSON, LANCS.—Mrs. E. HEAPS, 89, Water Street.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. M. STORER, 69, Havelock Street.
SALISBURY.—Mrs. E. TAYLOR, "Rose Cottage," Quidhampton.
OLD HILL, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. A. BOTFIELD, 136, Reddall Hill Road.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. E. FULFORD, 92, Prosser Street.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. H. H. GAUNT, 1, Cavendish Street, Old Whittington.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamps. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 5d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE for Wholesale Drapery Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for Grocery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

LONDON'S Cheapest Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Household Linens, Boots, Shoes and Clothing, etc. Best House for beginners. Send for Free Cat. and Sale List.—A. Marks, 25, Minories, London, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your Spare Time; every kind, good profits. 156-Page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

EARN £2-£5 wkly. & bonus. Run Bedclothing & Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. Grove Mills Co., Dpt. M., Birstall, Leeds

AGENTS (Spare Time), CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, DRAPERY, JEWELLERY, GRAMOPHONES & RECORDS. Cash or easy payments. Well supplied with samples. Liberal commission. Men in regular employment should write immediately, Dept. 51, J. E. YORK, LTD., 53a, Bayham Street, London, N.W.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or Credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dpt. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn

£2-50—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, terms, free. City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book. Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS and earn from £5 to £20 per week. Unique offer to those writing for our free book, "Advertising as a Career."—Dixon Institute of Advertising, Dept. 21, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List H. to Lewaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

ALL DANCE Novelties, Hats, Balloons, Fancy Costumes, Decorations. List free.—WATKINS PROVIDERS, JNR., High St., Newport, Mon.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CARNIVAL NOVELTIES, Hats, Balloons, Jokes, Fancy Dresses, Crackers, Decorations, etc. Actual Manufacturers. Illustrated Catalogue Free. —BECK, 159a, Oxford Street, London.

IN the interests of health and happiness get a "Simco" Bed Spring. A "Simco" is built for Sleep. Utmost Comfort and Rest. A Free Booklet, "J.B." will be sent on request to those mentioning *John Bull*.—Address: "Simco," Ltd., 22-28, Shand Street, Tooley Street, BERMONDSEY, S.E.1.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, books, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 15), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

A FREE BOOK, printed in colours, tells all about the new MECCANO. Every boy ought to have a copy. Send a postcard for it to Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. 20a), Binns Road, Liverpool, giving your own name, address and those of three of your chums.

TYPEWRITERS from £3 guaranteed. Instalments from 10/- monthly. All makes stocked. List free. - Ruffes 21a, Bath Street, Glasgow.

PEARS' Cyclopædia should be in every home. Get a copy now, or 2/9 post free, abroad 3/4, from A. & F. Pears, Ltd., 71-75, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Mark envelopes with the word "Cyclo" in top left-hand corner. Mention *John Bull*.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE new "HORNBY TRAIN" BOOK tells a wonderful story of the life of a locomotive. Also contains beautiful illustrations in full colours. A copy (price 3d.) will be forwarded if three penny stamps sent to Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. A.P.), Binns Road, Liverpool.

GET the JAY'S FREE CATALOGUE of Furniture Bargains. Write to head office: 248-250, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

MEN are so much more standardised in their tastes that the woman who tries to strike an individual note in gifts of ties or socks often finds she has misfired badly. Not that he doesn't thank her quite sweetly—but never by any chance does he wear the things. A box of good-looking, serviceable handkerchiefs will please any man. The most "difficult" will welcome half a dozen Pyramid Handkerchiefs—specially packed for Christmas in a delightfully novel box, that provides just the right Christmassy touch. The price, including box, is only 4/9, the bare cost of the handkerchiefs themselves.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot., 1, James St., Stornoway.

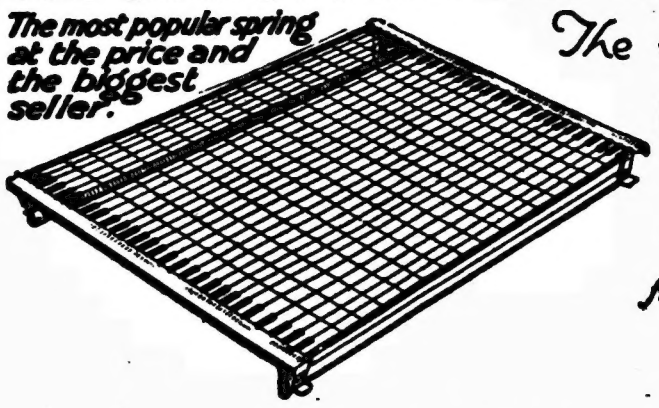
BABY'S LOVELY 85-article Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flan., Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins, etc. Real genuine bargain. Send 2/- pcl. appro. rtn. post. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

CHARMING GOWNS, Etc.—Rare Bargains slightly worn clothing; catalogues stmpd. envelope.—Marie Dupont, Paris House, Hastings.

BABY'S lovely Layette, 30/-, 85 dainty pieces. Shawls, Flannels, Robes, Woollies, Napkins, etc. Sent on appro. for 2/-. (Great Sacrifice.)—Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Road, Southsea.

The SIMCO 'Perfect Rest' Bed-Spring

The most popular spring at the price and the biggest seller.



The **WORLD'S FINEST VALUE in BED SPRINGS** *from* **3/6**

Standard sizes to fit wood and metal beds

Do you know that for 3/6 you can buy a spring that will give you luxurious sleep for a lifetime. In the interests of your health and happiness you cannot afford to be without the "Perfect Rest." Every detail of construction has been attended to with the thought of providing the utmost comfort and rest.

THREE IMPORTANT FEATURES:

All steel hygienic construction.

Cannot sag or get out of shape.

Unbreakable: gives lasting comfort.

START THE NEW YEAR SLEEPING COMFORTABLY.

1928 LEAP YEAR 1928

That means an extra night in bed!

A Simco "Perfect Rest" Spring will make that and every night—at least a third of your lifetime—a time of real rest and recuperation, fitting you for the toil and stress of each succeeding day.

SIMMONS

Beds—Springs—Built for Sleep

Your Dealer will be pleased to show you the Simco "Perfect Rest." If any difficulty write for Booklet "J.B." to Simco, Ltd., 22-28, Shand Street, Tooley Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1. Or see them at Showrooms, 56, Rathbone Place, W.1.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Dugdales, 99, King's Chambers, South St., London, E.C.2.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free.—Palmer's, 130, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

JAZZ Sets and Accessories, Accordions, Banjuleles, Concertinas, Banjos, Pianos, Grams., Ukuleles.—Terms, Vickers, Royal Hall, S.....o.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

WORLD'S CHAMPION BREEDS ON SHOW throughout the year in the "DOG WORLD" ..NNUAL, the Magnificent Art Volume describing World's Best at kennels and giving full information. Also articles by famous writers and dog fanciers. A book dog owners will value and enjoy. 2/- at all newsagents and book stalls, or 2/6 post paid from "J. B." Bureau, 5, Greville St., E.C.

WINTER EGGS.—Will Hooley, F.Z.S., gives secret in this week's "POULTRY WORLD," 2d., at all newsagents. Also full report of York Show. "POULTRY WORLD" is the most helpful weekly to backyarder and expert. Specimen copy free.—Write, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by entirely destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ruyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Ergot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no hard pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (38.B.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Well Persons. F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort. 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

STAMMERING.—Let Hickey B. you can cure yourself for your Portman Rooms, Baker Lugares (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Hazel to Upon Row, W.C.1.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S REMEDY. Adults or children, operations avoided. 3/- bot. Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc., or post free Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

BLUSHING. Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 33), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instruments. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices pd. for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not unusable, etc.). Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES & ACCESSORIES. Wkly. payments. All makes. Brand new Tyres. Accessories or Spares. Deposits from 5/-. No inquiries.—Write, The London Car & Tyre Co., 52, Tweedale's Rd., W.C.1

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not your Send for free book about herbs and how to use them—2d. post free. Trimnell, the Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

BEHIND the doors of Private Asylums. Terrible revelations and disclosures.—M. B. Haynes, 6., Brunswick Rd., Leyton, E.10. Post free 1/6.

DANGEROUS GILT FRIENDS.—Vivid light shed on a vital subject by T. B. Partington in this week's "REALTA & STR. Gazz. 3d. at all newsagents. Specimen copy gladly sent free.—Write, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

THE WARM WELCOME.

THE fire is roaring up the chimney, the tables are loaded with good fare. And here come the guests. Isn't the idea of a welcoming warming glass of ginger wine a pleasant one? Secure Original Ginger Wine to linger by the fire. And after the party another glass to keep out the cold on the journey home. Ever since 1.0 Stones Ginger Wine has contributed its share to promoting the general cheeriness that ensures the success of any party.

EVERYBODY knows JOHNNY WALKER WHISKY. Make sure that you have it with you this Christmas. You can get it packed in cases of two, three, six or with the usual twelve bottles, from 120/- Sole Genl. Stores.

MOST of our readers know that Mr. Philip Inman writes the "SUNSHINE WARD" feature that appears regularly in these pages. He is the Superintendent of one of the Homes for Waifs in the country. Every Christmas Eve he and the lads of the Home are the guests of a theatre where all know that a goodly number of the former Home lads are to be found. Last year he found Annie for the lads of the Home, and he is enthusiastic by how she MacLinen does you to give whatever you can afford. Send your good Wishes with stamps, postal orders, money orders and cheques and address to "PHILIP INMAN," "SUNSHINE WARD," Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. His appeal appears on page 27.

ST. DUNSTAN'S has trained hundreds of men who "lost their life in learning for King and Empire during and since the war, to face life of helplessness and despair, and has given the pledge to watch over their welfare as long as they live. If every reader of *John Bull* were to give only 6d. as a token of good fellowship it would be an enormous help to alleviate the debt we all owe to these men. Send your sixpence for as many heroes as you can afford. NOW. The appeal appears on page 27.

PEARY'S Specialities give tables and tables of places to and free hair from superfluous. Send for free booklet offered in this week's that appears on page 12 in this issue. Mention *John Bull*.

A WEEK'S SUPPLY of INSTANT POSTUM—the "really good drink"—is offered FREE to readers of this paper. Send for YOUR supply to The Grape Nuts Co., Ltd. Dept. J.B.12, 5, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

THOSE who wish to improve their styles in English, Public Speaking & Letter Writing should send for Pelmanism's free booklet, "How to Succeed." Address: Whitehall 1808, Pelmanism, 130, Albany Mansions, Albany Road, London, S.W.1. Mention *John Bull*.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS.

AMONG this week's Postal Bargains in the "Mail Order Market" on pages 24 and 25 will be found excellent and attractive suggestions. The Peerless Company offer handsome Empire Dining Suites in fumed mahogany and oak at 39/6 for £6, and Prince Wireless sets at 5/- each. Readers of *John Bull* have been allowed exclusive use of the Peerless Company's offers, and readers are reminded of the fixing conditions. As always remember, every item in the "Mail Order Market" is guaranteed by *John Bull* as covered by the Guarantee printed on page 34.

By appointment to
His Royal Highness
The Prince of Wales

THE RIGHT THING FOR XMAS

For the gift that is always appreciated, that will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness you cannot do better than select one of the beautiful New Improved Gillette Safety Razor Sets, silver plated or gold plated as you prefer.

The New Standard, Bostonian, Traveller and Tuckaway Sets make ideal gifts for men and are especially adapted for home use, for travelling, the club, the office.

For ladies the New Improved "Milady Decollettee" is extremely popular for keeping bobbed and shingled heads neat and trim and for smoothing the underarm. In beautiful cases toned in coral, jade and pearl.

Gillette
New Improved
Standard Outfit 21/-

GILLETTE

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

NO STROPPING NO HONING

New Improved Gillette Outfits 21/- and upwards.
Old type Gillette Sets 2/6 and upwards.

Ladies' New Improved Gillette Outfits 25/- and upwards.
Old type Gillette Sets 5/- and upwards.

GILLETTE BLADES	*In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) 4/6*
	In packets of 5 (10 shaving edges) 2/3

Sold by Gillette Dealers everywhere. Illus. Booklet sent free on request

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.,
184-188, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1.

Week ending Saturday
Dec. 24, 1927. Twopence
VOL. XLII. No. 1128.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Hirocally, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the World, 1d.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

IMPORTANT NOTICE !

WE ask our readers to make a special note of the fact that, owing to the Christmas holidays, JOHN BULL will be on sale next week on Thursday, December 29, instead of Wednesday, our usual publishing day.

To All Our Readers.

We wish everyone A Happy Christmas. If the hearth is poor, may it be "illumined" with hope of better days to come, and if prosperous, made happier by deeds of kindness done.

Peace on Earth.

Last Sunday was observed in churches as Peace Sunday; this one celebrates the birth of the Prince of Peace. Now let all Christendom move to put beliefs into practice. For the first time in the history of nations the door stands wide open.

Thoughts for Parliament.

Ministers and Members might well look back over the Parliamentary year now ended in the light of that Prayer Book to which they have just had their attention directed. Particularly they might ponder the old words about things left undone which ought to have been done.

An Astonishing Spectacle.

In the Prayer Book debates, Lords and Commons were free to speak and vote each according to his own honest opinion. The result was an amazing mix-up—Labour and Tory cheek by jowl—bitter opponents finding common sympathies.

Break the Fetters.

Why should this refreshing experience be so rare? A dozen big and burning questions are now burked by Party machinery. Submit them to free debate and vote in the House, and the broad lines of solution would spring to light.

"Jix" Beset.

One of the biggest fights behind the Parliamentary scenes is over the promised Factory Bill. The Home Secretary is fully alive to his pledges. But if powerful interests get their way, there will be no Bill, or a worthless one.

Turn of the Tide.

November was the best export month for three years—£10,000,000 better than 1925, with other healthy signs. The important thing is the way the tide flows. Those who sell are able to buy and prosperity breeds prosperity, just as unemployment breeds unemployment.

See to This.

More than a million potential buyers are unemployed. Coal-miners alone have fully £1,000,000 a week less to spend than normally. If every home trader realised these things, they would see that something was done about it.

Out of Court.

Those in the know hold out no relief for the taxpayer in the forthcoming Budget. How can there be? Relief means entirely new Government tactics, and of that there is no slightest glimmering.

Signals.

Statesmanship is shown in management of money. The Government taxes and spends, but shows no constructive ability. On that issue alone it stands strongly condemned.

Seeing, Believing.

Day by day, the crushing exposure of tariff taxes as a futile folly proceeds. They hamper trade and so hinder payment of outside debt. It is becoming increasingly clear that they are piling up expense inside the country, too.

Laughable.

Big tariffs lead to big smuggling and increase of smuggling means big increase of coastguards. Increase of guards takes the cream off the tax. As an example of muddled finance it's amazing.

Spreading.

Now winter's here the toll of bad housing is being taken. Epidemic disease is on the steady increase, hospitals are overcrowded, and as usual children pay the heaviest sum in suffering.

Going Ahead.

At an estimated cost of £1,250,000, Marylebone Council is to carry out reconstruction work and rehouse, in better conditions, 3,000 people. It is needed, and every penny will repay itself eventually.

Eternal Sunshine.

Perpetual sunniness will be a feature of homes of the future if the prophecies of those making artificial sunlight come true. It's an ideal worth aiming at. Bright days make bright thoughts and better work follows.

Christianity.

Members of the Church of England are building at Barrachnie houses for people with large families and small incomes at rents they can pay. That is the sort of religion we like. It's not out for usury.

Coal.

In South Wales "all available wagons are filled with standing coal," and further pit stoppages are inevitable. Why? With all the fires and furnaces needing fuel the situation points to one thing only—rottenness in the State.

Christmas Holidays.

In order to give you extra time to make up your £500 *Bullets*, Tuesday, December 27, has been declared a national holiday. **(See page 35.)**

Sign, Please.

The Government must no longer delay signing the convention against gas and bacteriological warfare as agreed at Geneva. Such matters are vital. We're tired of the "after you, please" game. It's merely a slim excuse.

While Rome Burns.

Work at cutlery factories is slack, but jewellers everywhere are very busy. Things for use find no market, fripperies do. It's a sign of something sadly wrong in our social management.

Now We Know.

As the first to point out the colossal cost of taking troops to China, our most dismal prophecy is justified. Supplementary estimates of £3,900,000 have been prepared to cover it. The backs of taxpayers in this country are reaching breaking-point.

Hungry and Cold.

That sixteen poor souls should die of starvation in London in one year is a disgrace to our rulers, declares Mr. A. M. Wall, Secretary of the London Trades Council. We agree, but point out that sixteen doesn't cover it. Endless cases of deaths from disease are induced by starvation.

Getting On With It.

The Government is engaged in the great and controversial task of deciding how the young Prince of Nabha, India, shall be educated. Interesting, but little solution towards the problem of how millions of young children, not princes, in this country are to be fed.

Pitiful Mite.

At Caerphilly, a baby weighing only three-quarters of a pound has been born alive. As an example of what happens when mothers are exposed to long-continued semi-starvation no evidence could be more painful.

Kicks for Comrades.

The vote of the Lanarkshire miners against Mr. Smillie does them no credit. New brooms may sweep clean, but there's something in old and tried friendship. To the miners, "Bob" has always been true blue.

The Scaffold.

The names of eleven men and one woman now appear on the "death card" in this country. That capital punishment does nothing to prevent murder is fully proved. Why continue it?

No Details Given.

The cat is out of the bag. The Government is making money out of war films that pervert the truth. The remedy lies with the country. It elected the Government to carry out its own will, and has constitutional means of making itself felt.

For Bitter Days.

That boots and shoes are to cost more in the New Year is poor comfort for the unemployed. Shortage of hides is given as the reason. We still maintain that continued unemployment is the real factor

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Find the Source !

Having offered putrid meat for sale as food at Oldham market, Ernest Robbins was fined £50 and James Buxton £10. But the interests of public health demand that the sources of supply should be searched out and closed.

Far-seeing Justice.

Wise Huddersfield magistrates imposed compulsory attendance at evening-school on three boys under sixteen put on probation for nine offences of theft. They are evidently aware of the mischief in wait for idle hands.

Artist Navvy.

Though once a Hackney navvy, Mr. Archibald Hattemore has had five pictures accepted for exhibit, one by the New English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries. He is eloquent proof that talent arising from the humblest source need not run to waste.

Pussy Saved.

Covering his face with his helmet, Police-Sergeant Williams dashed through a blazing doorway at Aberavon, and at the peril of his own saved the life of a cat. A big-hearted officer never stops to ask, "Is it worth while?" when duty's to be done.

Mean Fraud.

For exposing for sale forty-two hundredweight sacks of coal, each deficient from 7 lb. to 18 lb., twenty being without weight tags, Edwin Lavin, of Salford, was fined £4. We hope he appreciates his meanness. Consumers of coal, both dear and a necessity, have every reason not to pay for air.

To Prison with Him !

We think, considering he gave back the signet rings he had stolen when approached by the owner, Alfred Davis, unemployed, might have been put on probation by Walthamstow magistrates. A month's imprisonment is unlikely to effect anything except to make it harder for him to get work.

Soldiers and "Civvies."

We congratulate the War Office on establishing schools for instruction in agriculture, gardening and engineering, thus realising the need for equipping time-expired soldiers for civilian life. An Army that acknowledges peace, not war, as its ultimate end may in time do away with the latter.

Peace on Earth.

A Frenchman and a German, Professor Ferdinand Buisson and Professor Ludwig Quidde, share this year's Nobel Peace Prize. Both have worked for human rights and made many plans for international peace. That their efforts are thus unitedly recognised augurs well for the future of the world.

One Better.

The Rev. L. S. Hunter, vicar of Barking, states he would rather see the boys and girls of his parish playing games on Sunday than fooling about the streets. Agreed. But Father Degen, whose Sunday night club provides recreation for Coalville young folk, also proves the superiority of practice over preaching.

Mother's Awful Ordeal.

Doris Williams has been through two trials for the murder of her two-year-old illegitimate child. At the second, sentence of death was passed, but the jury, one of whom was a woman in tears, strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy. She will never be hanged. Then why sentence her to death ?

Foolish Farmer.

On six summonses for supplying London with poor milk, with deficiences of over 6 per cent. in fats and additions of over 12 and 31 per cent. water have run R. Baldwin, Newbold Farm, Stratford-on-Avon, into £25 7s. in fines and costs. We would remind him that future folly is unlikely to be met with milk-and-water treatment.

Misfortune Telling.

Cases of severe illness, induced by fright, after visits to Mrs. Charlotte Gentle, of Fulham, fortune-teller, resulted in her being rightly fined £20. The public should avoid consulting these would-be prophets, whose function is merely to excite morbid self-curiosity if nothing worse.

Scandalous Condition.

Oldbury municipality is building very tiny houses, and very nice ones too, for old-age pensioners. But to offer them to married people with one child and the information that should the family increase the tenant must move is scandalous. It is autocratic "birth control" of the worst sort.

Bountiful Bobbies.

More than 13,000 garments have been distributed and 4,000 of the poorest bairns on Merseyside clothed by Liverpool's gallant and great-hearted police, in addition to providing them with entertainments and a holiday at the Isle of Man. It is the right way to make the work of the police of the future less.

Modesty.

We like the spirit of that young Guildford man who jumped off his bicycle, rescued a child from underneath the wheels of a motor-car, was himself knocked down, but remounted and rode away before anyone could learn his name and thank him. Whoever he is, he has the true attributes of a gentleman and a hero.

The Feast.

When deer are shot for food the case is different from that form of sport strongly protested against in these pages. An unknown friend in the North of Scotland sent 1,400 lb. of venison into the East End of London, and five hundred of the poorest of the poor were given venison for dinner. To do good by stealth is true charity.

The Human Machine

Let's Try!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

TO think of Christmas is to think of Charles Dickens. To think of Dickens is to conjure up a picture of Christmas, Christmas with snow and holly and logs, with fun and jollity and good fellowship, with kindness and good will overflowing to all the world.

Was there ever such a Christmas as he portrayed ? Did people ever behave as he said they did ? Probably not—but I don't think it matters.

It is a remarkable instance of the power of thought, an extraordinary illustration of the fact that we all want to think right, and do right if we can.

We cannot all sway multitudes as did Charles Dickens, but we can all sway someone. No one is so poor in influence that what he thinks and what he does can have no effect.

For more than sixty years the influence of Dickens has persisted because he radiated kind thoughts and cheerful courage, preached humanity and kindliness and faith in his fellows.

LET us do the same. If we all make one person happy this Christmas what an ever-spreading circle of merriment we shall create ! And it's just as easy to make people happy as to make then sad—and ever so much more profitable.

All it needs is a little consideration, a little thought. Let's try !

And so, ladies and gentlemen, A Happy Christmas ! And, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, Every One !"

Up to Standard.

Norwich and its suburban estates are to benefit by a new dairy capable of pasteurising, cooling, bottling and capping 500 gallons hourly. The last word in cleanliness, the Norwich Co-operative Society's effort creates a standard for other cities to set up.

Wasted Effort.

If Hereford unemployed wish to impress on the Ministry of Labour that their position is bad enough to warrant grants for relief work, they had much better stop where they are and ginger up their local M.P.s to do the job for them. They will waste both time and shoe-leather in marching to London.

Heart Disease.

Henry Dougherty is an ex-soldier who, after serving with "distinction and conspicuous gallantry," must now at Lewes go to prison for nine months for double bigamy. The defence that his heart had been affected did not save him. It's a sound head and a decent conscience that's wanted in cases of this sort.

Trust Betrayed.

While sub-postmaster at Trelewis, David Wyndham Gains and his wife stole public money, including £21 19s. owing to a blind man. Sentences of four months' hard labour and a fine of £50 for the respective offenders is a lenient enough punishment for the breach of faith with the public and one of the finest public services.

Safety First.

We hear that a clause is to be introduced into the new Road Transport Bill limiting the working hours of motor-drivers. Many at present remain at the wheel for as long as seventeen hours a day, and it is monstrous to expect men engaged upon so exacting a task to remain efficient for so protracted a stretch. The scandal must be scotched.

His Terrible Fate.

Retribution in a most awful form has overtaken Charles Edward Ford, a thirty-five-year-old St. Pancras cub-master, who betrayed his trust by corrupting small boys. At the Old Bailey he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, a strange commentary on the sentences given to many scoundrels who similarly ill-treat little girls, and get off with a fine.

Make Him Work !

What hope is there, as Rhyl magistrates apparently believe, that sending Edwin Griffiths, described as a worthless fellow, to prison for a month for leaving his wife and six children chargeable to St. Asaph Guardians, will be a good prelude to his finding a job ? His kind want setting to work, and money for their families deducted from their wages.

Mean Crime.

Three months' hard labour is the sentence Mr. Justice Horridge passed on William George Saberton, who undertook to pass off silvered pennies as half-crowns. That he only succeeded in one hotel at Brighton speaks well for cashiers, but takes nothing from his wickedness. To tamper with coin of the realm hits the very fabric of society.

Deserves a Job.

"It's up to a man to find work where he can" was John Wall's comment, on returning, after eighteen hours' absence, having tramped thirty miles, part of the way with an ankle injured in a 3,000 ft. climb, to his Patterdale cottage. Authorities at Manchester Corporation waterworks at Haweswater, his objective, will find him eminently worth employing.

Bounce at Brighton.

At present the Royal Sussex County Hospital at Brighton is assessed at £68, but under the new valuation this figure has been increased to £3,375. The liabilities of other similar local institutions have been increased in proportion. We do not wonder that objections are pouring in to the borough authorities, for it is mainly the poor on whom the increased demands will fall.

Poor Sympathy.

At the inquest on a poor unbalanced girl, who drowned herself at Leigh, Lancs., the coroner deplored the present-day "pandering to children" and suggested more frequent whipping as a remedy. As "balm" to the sorrowing hearts of parents this would be hard to beat!

Guiltless Victim.

Opponents of capital punishment in our own country will find their cause helped by the case of Stephen Tomka, a Hungarian landowner, who was hanged fourteen years ago for the murder of his daughter. A farewell letter from the girl announcing her intention to commit suicide has just come to light. For such cruel injustice, alas, there is no redress.

Mother's Tragic Worry.

"Poor baby was going the wrong way. I didn't know what to do. I have done it for the best" was the pathetic message left by Mrs. Newsome, of Heckmondwike, found drowned with her two-months-old child. When so much is spent in education, why cannot our women be armed with a knowledge of mothercraft that precludes the stage of morbid despair over offspring?

The Model Method.

We agree with the Central Council of the National Union of Women Teachers that the growth of peace ideals can best be promoted by framing school syllabuses from an international, rather than a national, standpoint. That a dividing sea, a range of mountains, or an agreed frontier should of necessity mean potential enmity is a blunder for which mankind has paid very dearly.

Hopeless Mother.

Worse than any mere thief, Mrs. Lilian Grace Palmer, of Holloway, implicated her daughter, two sons, and even a daughter-in-law, in a shop-lifting charge, while her boy of twelve is on probation for theft. Six months' hard labour for the mother cannot secure integrity for the young people discharged on account of too slight evidence. They need permanently removing from the influence of this modern Fagin.

Lotteries and Lunacy.

At a charity ball in aid of the Woolwich Hospital for Mothers and Babies it was proposed to sell numbered programmes, the holders of those bearing selected numbers to be awarded valuable prizes. One would have thought the police would have winked at a technical illegality in so good a cause, but they banned the scheme. We suggest to the authorities that the force would be better employed searching out burglars.

The Old Game.

Remanded in custody, after giving himself up to the police, Harry Skelton Tibbles, of Horse-ferry Road, S.W., confessed to fraudulent conversion of £200, the money consisting of subscriptions of members of a Christmas share-out club. The whole miserable business should serve to remind such members that this trouble, recurrent every Christmas, could be prevented with a more businesslike method of keeping accounts.

Child of Sixty.

Doubtless, Mr. Justice Talbot did his utmost for Susan Eliza Turner, unable to read, write, count, or answer simple questions, when found guilty of the manslaughter of her daughter. He sentenced her at the Old Bailey to ten years' penal servitude, where mentally and bodily she will be looked after. Prison, then possibly a lunatic asylum, are tragic ends from which medical treatment given in childhood should have saved her.

In Memory.

Edwin John Orchard, of Clapton, at seventeen, boasted six gallant rescues from drowning. But the last proved his undoing. He was immersed too long and developed an illness which has now ended his own life. Just before he died he was propped up in bed to receive the award from the Carnegie Hero Trust Fund, which, had it been presented three years ago might, as his mother says, have paid for a trip to warmer climes and saved him. What a pity!

'Ware Yankee Quackery.

The Rozick Supply Service, of 2636, So. Hamlin Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A., alleges that a highly efficient method of curing or preventing "almost any disease on earth" has been discovered A reader has just sent us a circular in which this secret is offered in "a dollar course," and which suggests that the purchaser can make a good profit by benefiting or curing people in his own town. We can do without this Yankee quackery.

Trust to Distrust.

The notorious Kensington Trust, Ltd., of Chandos House, Palmer Street, London, S.W., is lending a seasonable savour to its latest proposition. Clamouring clients are being invited to apply for one share in the Trust's next "underwriting subject," on the understanding that the sums now due to them will be paid back quickly. "On this basis we hope to get all claims settled before Christmas" is the unblushing assertion.

Dubious House-agent.

"House to Let" is the advertising bait favoured by W. Young, of South Street, Moorgate, London, E.C., but applicants are subsequently informed that they must send 5s. to Mr. Young to satisfy him as to their *bona fides*. As lists of vacant houses, with orders to view, can always be obtained free of all charge from any legitimate estate-office, the value of Mr. Young's service seems doubtful—and what does he offer applicants to satisfy them of his *bona fides*?

Extra Jobs for Police.

The Aymard Patent Milk Sterilizer Company, of Angel Street, Hadleigh, Suffolk, seems incorrigible in its indifference to clients once they have paid the cash in respect of orders. A Broughton reader was kept waiting nearly seven months for delivery of a copper, although the West Suffolk police had jogged the memory of the dilatory company. When a company's methods impose duties which amount to debt-collecting upon the police there is something radically wrong.

It Pays to Wait.

The Galvanic Ring Company, of Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey, claims that its "celebrated 'Galvanic' anti-rheumatic ring" has been medically recommended for various disorders. It puts its cash value at 12s. 6d., but people who rush to secure one on the original terms of sale would appear to be the losers. The real winners are the diffident folk who remain silent, for they are finally offered one of the "celebrated" rings at the greatly reduced fee of 4s. 6d. Waiting pays!

Kipling's Christmas Competition.

We have before us a vivid yellow pamphlet calling attention to a "Christmas Series of Special Puzzles," in which tempting cash prizes are promised. George Kipling, of High Street, Southend-on-Sea, is behind this scheme and all entrance-fees have to be paid to him. The prize money is "guaranteed," but it would be interesting to know how. We do not suppose that Mr. Kipling is doing this for fun, yet can he be certain that there will be sufficient entrants to meet all obligations?

Haarlem Hocus-pocus.

"Five sovereigns astrological reading for 20s. only" is one of the offers made by Prof. C. Van De Zaar, of Forest Mansions, Haarlem, Holland. This astrologer speaks confidently of "breakdown in health," "danger from secret enemies," and other ominous future events calculated to fill sensitive clients with apprehension. It is hardly necessary to stress the undesirability of such practices. Our police cannot keep an eye on foreign fortune-tellers, but advertisement managers can deny them the privilege of publicity. We hope they will cut out C. Van De Zaar

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIFT

165 MORE CHEQUES for Registered Readers

See page 2

Problems of Life

The Call of Christmas

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

JEROME K. JEROME'S well-known play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," had a very long run in London years ago with Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson in the principal part.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

One of the greatest compliments ever paid me was the author's expressed wish that I might succeed Sir Johnston in this rôle at a later date.

He justified the suggestion by stating that, in his opinion and intention, the play was essentially a sermon, and as religious in spirit as, say, the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.

Mr. Jerome was right in this estimate of the simple story he had dramatised, but I was too wise to attempt to follow a man of the genius of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson in the interpretation of the character of the mysterious stranger in the Bloomsbury boarding-house.

The public was spared the spectacle of an impressive spiritual message reduced to banality.

IT was a bold venture to stage the play at all. Of plot there was hardly any, and no dramatic finale. What we were shown was the effect produced upon a set of mean, spiteful, greedy people by the brief advent of a person who took the best in them for granted instead of the worst.

They all felt that they knew this person, that his presence was vaguely and elusively familiar, but who or what he was they could not tell.

W. T. Stead said, in the *Review of Reviews*, that it was indeed a daring experiment for any actor, however eminent, to impersonate Jesus Christ.

Commenting upon this remark at the dinner given by the management to celebrate the hundredth performance, I said I thought Mr. Stead was mistaken and that it was not Jesus of Nazareth that was thus presented as a person, but the Christ spirit latent in the human heart.

Mr. Jerome thereupon called out, "Quite right! That is what is meant."

The incident is recalled to my mind by the near approach of Christmas with its mystic associations.

The most stolid and unimaginative minds are influenced to some extent by the story of the birth of Mary's Child in a stable long ago.

WHAT is the secret of its charm? I think it is that in every man's heart there is a shrine where divine goodness, purity, and love are reverenced for what they are.

There is that within us all, even the worst of us, which we feel to be somehow akin to that wonderful life which entered the world in such lowly manner on the first Christmas night.

If we could but learn to trust it, we should soon find a way out of the terrors and hates that oppress the world to-day.

It is the light of God's Own Presence.

OUR APPEAL TO THE DUCHESS

YOUNG GIRL'S SAD PLIGHT

Cruel Miscarriage of Justice

A POOR young girl, whose character is of the highest, is languishing in jail, sobbing her heart away because of the harsh and unmerited treatment to which she has been subjected.

Her name is Charlotte Leitch, and she is little more than twenty-one. She has no father to fight for her honour now; he fought for his country's honour and died from wounds ten years ago, before peace came.

Charlotte was the eldest of three children, one of whom was a baby only three months old at the time of the bereavement.

The pension granted was not adequate for their upbringing, and their mother, who lives in Dundee, was forced to seek work in a local jute factory.

But even with her additional earnings, Mrs. Leitch found her existence one long struggle.

Scarcely believable

When Charlotte was old enough she went to work in a small general shop at Lochee, kept by an aunt, and it is in connection with an incident, alleged to have occurred during the time of her employment there, that Charlotte now finds herself in her present unhappy predicament.

The facts are almost unbelievable. More than two years ago a claim was made against Charlotte's aunt by a well-known firm of biscuit manufacturers for £8 1s. 10d. in respect of two tins of biscuits said to have been delivered to the little shop by a carman named McNamara.

The aunt resisted the claim on the ground that the goods had not been received, and, after months of wearying correspondence, the firm brought a civil action against her in the Scottish Small Debts Court.

Now, it is important to note at this juncture that the proceedings were heard exactly two years *after* the goods were originally alleged to have been delivered.

Forged signature ?

In the course of this Small Debts Court action, a delivery note was produced which purported to show that Charlotte had herself taken in the goods, as it bore a signature "C. Leitch."

When questioned about this, Charlotte instantly repudiated it, contending that the signature must be a forgery.

She also declared that the biscuits had certainly never been delivered into her hands.

She was still pressed, however, and although she was specially warned that misstatements would lead to a charge of perjury, the girl steadfastly refused to make an admission.

"I did not receive the goods," she repeated calmly. "I never received a credit note, and I did not sign the delivery note."

But the law, apparently, refused to accept these frank assertions.

The law officers branded the unflinching Charlotte as a liar and

H.R.H. the Duchess of York, to whom we appeal to intercede for mercy for Charlotte Leitch

drew up the following formidable indictment against her:

"That, on 10 August, 1927, being a sworn witness in a civil action, you deposed (1) that the signature 'C. Leitch' on the delivery note dated 9 August, 1925, from this biscuit firm of manufacturers was not your signature, and (2) that on 12 August, 1925, a motor van did not deliver in the shop two tins of biscuits and three parcels of goods for your employer—the truth being that the signature was your signature and that the van driver McNamara did deliver the biscuits and the goods."

Frank admission

As the outcome of this, Charlotte was, a few days ago, arraigned before Sheriff-Principal Morton, of Forfarshire, on the serious charge of perjury.

Quite freely Charlotte presented herself at the court. There was only one witness against her, the driver of the van.

He gave his evidence most fairly and justly. He recalled delivering the goods at the shop two years before, and he knew someone signed for them.

He admitted, however, that he frankly *did not know Charlotte Leitch, could not identify her, and could not remember, apart from the signature, who took in the goods two years before.*

This, in all conscience, was evidence of a kind that could only aid the girl; but, even supposing that Mr. McNamara had been able to point to Charlotte in the dock as the girl who had actually taken in the goods, would such evidence have been sufficient after a lapse of two long years?

It is extremely doubtful, for it must be borne in mind that during that lengthy interval this carman must have delivered untold quantities of goods, and must have seen thousands of different faces.

But Sheriff-Principal Morton, apparently, did not look at the matter from this angle.

Nor was he impressed by the girl's irreproachable character, or by the fact, *which he himself admitted*, that there were points of difference in Charlotte's signature and the signature on the delivery note.

Shameful prospect

The evidence in the girl's favour did not weigh with Sheriff-Principal Morton.

He found Charlotte guilty of perjury, denied her the option of a fine, and pronounced sentence of two months' imprisonment!

Is it surprising that the poor girl burst into tears and collapsed on hearing this harsh pronouncement? Is it surprising that she had to be carried out of court and attended by a doctor immediately upon her arrival in the prison?

Is it surprising that, within a few hours of the passing of this unheard-of sentence, thousands of horror-stricken people were signing petitions calling for the girl's release?

One of these petitions has been graciously accepted by H.R.H. the Duchess of York, who is a Forfarshire girl herself, while another has been handed to Sir John Gilmour, Secretary for Scotland, for transmission to H.M. the King.

What of Charlotte's future prospects, now that her life has been blasted by the prison stigma? In our opinion, it is shameful that she must spend her Christmas behind prison bars.

Sir John Gilmour, who has been questioned about this case on the floor of the House of Commons, has stated that he cannot see his way clear to interfere with the finding of Sheriff-Principal Morton.

This decision is, to say the least, surprising—not only on account of the regrettable circumstances of this case, but because Sheriff-Principal Morton himself stated that he would have liked to have given Charlotte Leitch the benefit of the First Offenders Act, but that such a course was "quite impossible" in a perjury charge.

Stupid and wrong

It was only recently that Sir W. Greaves-Lord, K.C., the Recorder of Manchester, declared that it was stupid and wrong to send youths to prison.

We agree, and would add that it is far more stupid and wrong to imprison a young girl.

And as Sir John Gilmour has turned a deaf ear to the plight of Charlotte Leitch, we appeal to the Duchess of York to answer the pleas of those thousands of her countrymen and women who have specifically petitioned her, and to ask her father-in-law, His Majesty the King, to intercede that Charlotte Leitch may be spared any further suffering.

Greyhound Gush

The Kennel Catch

CERTAIN ingenious gentlemen have not been slow to take advantage of the greyhound-racing boom, but the strangest proposition we have yet heard of comes from Frederick W. West and John A. Handyside, director and manager respectively of Normandene Kennels, East Hill, Kensing, near Sevenoaks.

These gentlemen have just issued an attractive brochure, urging the public to invest in the Normandene Kennel scheme, as "greyhound racing is now one of the most profitable industries, and one of the safest."

As an instance of the profits that can be made, the experience of Mr. F. W. West is cited. He himself paid £110 for a dog called "Flapdoodle," though its owner had bought it originally for £35.

Pups for sale

Apparently the only thing which Mr. West didn't like about this dog was its name, so he rechristened it "Royston," after his house in Gunnersbury Lane, Ealing.

The brochure asserts that an enormous demand has now arisen for greyhounds, and, as other tracks are opened all over the country, the demand will become greater still.

The Normandene Kennel folk prophesy a shortage of dogs next spring, and suggest that those who buy now while prices are low will be able to sell their animals at a great profit by next March.

For £5 Messrs. West and Handyside are willing to sell you a pup. They obligingly undertake to rear it and sell it again on your behalf after six months.

Meanwhile, these kind-hearted gentlemen have even gone to the trouble of working out a table of "estimated minimum profit," which shows that a £5 pup will be worth £9 after six short months.

Startling resemblance

For all their trouble Mr. West and Mr. Handyside will be content to take 36s., or 20 per cent. of the selling price, while the investor will be handed 144s., a clear profit of 44s.

Who wouldn't jump at a 44 per cent. return in six months? Think of it; 88 per cent. per annum without work or worry! And the figures quoted are only the minimum.

The whole scheme is so transparently absurd that comment seems hardly necessary; but there are one or two points which are interesting.

Already the scheme may sound familiar to them, and this is not surprising, since it is a flagrant parody of the pig-breeding proposition put up by Little Wadhurst Farms, Ltd., which we criticised in our last issue.

The pig brochure and the pup brochure are almost twin productions. Page for page, paragraph for paragraph, they are practically identical. Perhaps the most startling resemblance lies in the tables of estimated profits—not one figure has been altered!

AN AMAZING REVUE HOAX

CYRIL'S "CLASSIC" CATCHES

Lashey's Biff-Bang Bunkum

THE most objectionable feature about theatrical promoters who persistently strand touring companies is that they invariably float their productions on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle.

In other words, they ignore the fact that lack of capital must inevitably spell catastrophe, and get the work out of their artistes without stopping to consider the question of salaries.

This has never been more shamefully illustrated than in the recent activities of an individual who hails from the north and who calls himself Cyril de Lashey.

In the rôle of "D. and H. Productions," Cyril de Lashey recently supervised the staging of a show called "Hide and Seek."

This production was curiously described as a "revusical musical revue in twelve scenes," and subsequent developments went to show that it had been very appropriately named.

Nothing doing

With a number of struggling artistes, whom he had somehow hurriedly engaged, Mr. de Lashey opened up with "Hide and Seek" in historic Canterbury about a month ago.

The place wherein it was staged was not a theatre in the strict sense of the word, but a hall which caters for theatrical enterprises from time to time.

Nevertheless, "Hide and Seek," which opened on a Tuesday, was billed as an "Enormous Production—Direct from London." It played for five nights and one matinée.

One of the specially billed attractions was "The Vim Pep Hide and Seek Girls and Full London Chorus"; but whatever vim or pep the show may have possessed, it did not seem to appeal to local playgoers, who gave it a wide berth.

The result was that towards the end of the first week Mr. Cyril de Lashey was faced with serious financial difficulties. The box-office receipts were appallingly low, and there was little in the way of funds.

Bitter experience

As may be imagined, the artistes began to grow alarmed, but Mr. de Lashey assured them that everything was all right as he was in the fortunate position of having a financial backer in London, who was coming down in his car to bring some cash.

This raised their hopes, but so far as the artistes were concerned they saw no sign of any financial backer, and when Saturday morning came with a gloomy outlook for the artistes, Mr. de Lashey decided to indulge in a little game of hide-and-seek on his own account, and departed with his wife from the scene.

So the artistes were left to their own resources and had to get back to their homes as best they could. Many of them had no alternative but to leave their landladies unpaid.

After this bitter experience, some members of the stranded company thought it wise, in the absence of Mr. de Lashey, to seek out the financial backer of whom the promotor had spoken so confidently.

If he were wealthy enough to travel about in his car, as had been suggested, he would surely help them in regard to their unpaid salaries.

But when the "Hide and Seek" artistes located this gentleman he was not in any fashionable hotel or palatial theatrica office.

He was in humble apartments at Stratford, and far from being a magnate of theatrical enterprise, he was found to be a cobbler, earning his living by repairing boots and shoes.

Pitiful, too, was the story he unfolded about the missing Mr. de Lashey, who, it appears, had called casually at his shop one day with a pair of boots for repair.

In the course of conversation, Mr. de Lashey learnt that the humble cobbler was selling his business, and at once gladdened his heart with glowing verbal pictures of the fortunes to be made in theatrical productions.

The cobbler knew nothing whatever of the business side of the stage, but the compelling force of Mr. de Lashey's rhetoric induced him to part with a substantial sum to cover, as Mr. de Lashey said, the initial outlay of opening the show.

What was required

Once the show was launched, declared Mr. de Lashey, nothing mattered, for it would assuredly make profits straight away. All that was required was sufficient money to enable them to start on the road.

Equipped with nothing more than the small sum this cobbler had been able to supply, Mr. Cyril de Lashey started at Canterbury, and, as already explained, failed dismally.

Mr. Monte Bayly, Organiser of the Variety Artistes' Federation

Since that time the various artistes have looked to him in vain for their money, as also have certain landladies who have furnished him with board and lodging on credit.

Mr. Cyril de Lashey has run other companies, and previous complaints have been made about him to the Variety Artistes' Federation, which is now very closely investigating his operations.

There is only one way to stop such promot rs. Surely some central body should be established to investigate the financial stability of every production before it goes on tour?

No one should be permitted to gamble at the expense of artistes—many of whom have parents and children to support—as Cyril de Lashey has gambled in the present instance.

TWO SLIPPERY "STUDENTS"

THE JOLLY JOB SNATCHERS

MANY of the unwanted aliens now infesting our shores linger here with impunity after working what is known as the "knowledge" dodge.

In other words, they pose as students seeking a knowledge of English customs, for which purpose they can obtain a passport without fulfilling any troublesome formalities.

How these student permits are misused is clearly shown in the remarkable story of Georges and Antoinette Nouhen, two French subjects, who have lately given an endless amount of trouble to police in various parts of the country.

The knowledge wanted

Georges Nouhen was born in 1898 and applied for a "student's" passport in 1920. Obtaining it with the usual ease, he succeeded in getting to England. He has never gone back.

The only studying which Georges was anxious to do concerned his own welfare.

He no sooner reached London than he obtained a job as chef at a famous hotel, and, ignoring the Aliens Restriction Act, tore up his temporary passport and settled down to enjoy life.

A few weeks after Georges came here he was followed by his sweetheart, Antoinette Yvonne Bernadette, who, initiated into the merry little game by her fiancé, also gained admission to this country as a "student."

Usual plea

The conditions on which her passport had been issued troubled her no more than they had troubled her beloved Georges. She followed his example and quickly obtained work as a waitress in a good-class West End hotel.

So far as the Aliens Office at Bow Street was concerned, Georges and Antoinette became "lost," for, being here on "temporary" permits they were not compelled to register as most aliens have to do.

For years no one worried about them, and eventually they got married.

A few months ago it was discovered by chance that they were here without permission, and a police report was made to the Home Office through the usual channels.

Needless to say, the Aliens Department at the Home Office promptly served Georges and his wife with a notice to quit the country.

They responded by following the line usually adopted by bogus "students" when finally cornered—that is, they expressed regret and pleaded their ignorance of the regulations.

Rather than face the indignity of deportation proceedings, Georges and Antoinette gave their promise to return to France forthwith.

Their word satisfied the Home Office sleuths, and the fact was duly recorded in official documents that the enforced departure had reduced the band of bogus "students" by at least two. Thus justice was done to out-of-work Britishers.

Unhappy choice

But Georges and his bride were not homesick. They left London, it is true, but we are able to state that they turned west and crossed to Ireland.

Their choice was not altogether happy, for Ireland is less indulgent to aliens, and it was not long before they were called upon to bid farewell to Erin.

A long course

Again, the couple promised to return to France, but, knowing that jobs in their homeland were not so remunerative as in England, they set out to defy the Home Office and to defeat the Aliens Restriction Act.

So back they hopped to England, and, so far as we can tell, they are still in our midst. As "students," therefore, they have been here for nearly eight years instead of a few weeks, and they have been employed nearly all the time.

Many equally flagrant instances have cropped up in recent months and hundreds of such cases have been recorded at the Bow Street Aliens' Office alone.

Drastic tightening-up of the regulations is the only way in which these impudent intruders can be effectively checked. We hope, therefore, that our authorities will move. They might make it one of their New Year resolutions.

A CHARITY MYSTERY

A "SISTER" TO ASSIST 'ER

Margaret on the Make

THE Embankment, where so many homeless derelicts linger at night, often figures in appeals made to the public by charity promoters. Are these appeals always to be justified?

CHRISTMAS is the season of charity, and a few weeks ago a homeless man was tramping the Thames Embankment when a lady in nurse's uniform descended upon him with a comforting smile.

Throwing open an attaché-case which she carried, the lady requested him to take a sandwich.

The wanderer took one gladly enough, for he was famished and destitute. While he munched the food the nurse introduced herself as "Sister Margaret," and eventually mentioned an address in Victoria Street where she "thought" the stranger might obtain work.

The man followed this advice, but there was no job going. He met "Sister Margaret" again and she volunteered an alternative suggestion, which was to the effect that the man should write up his Embankment experiences with a view to publication.

A piring to literature

With an authoritative air, the sister mentioned the name of a paper most likely to accept such a manuscript for payment. The advice she gave was absolutely ridiculous, as the chances of such an article being accepted anywhere are remote indeed.

But the unsuspecting man obediently wrote of his experiences, which were promptly turned down by the newspaper, notwithstanding the fact that "Sister Margaret" was freely mentioned in the story!

The literary aspirant was at another newspaper office asked who "this Sister Margaret" was, and whether she was duly registered; and when he wrote to the good lady to recount his disappointing reception, she expressed regrets and replied, "That set-back will urge me to register myself."

However, the sister had a third bright suggestion to offer. She would personally despatch the manuscript to Lady Conan Doyle.

As he heard nothing more, the man ventured to write direct to Lady Conan Doyle, and he was at once informed that the manuscript had been returned to "Sister Margaret" twelve days before!

Pertinent question

He later discovered that Lady Conan Doyle had enclosed a ten-shilling note for his benefit with the letter returning his article; but Sister Margaret denied all knowledge of the money, though she subsequently admitted that the manuscript had been returned.

At a loss to know what to do, the man explained his dilemma to Lady Doyle, whereupon Sir Arthur Conan Doyle very kindly sent him a further 10s. "to make up."

"There is no doubt the money was sent to this woman, as we checked it, and we alluded to it in the letter enclosing it," Sir Arthur wrote, "so that she would have written had she not got it.

"Does she really do any good work on the Embankment, or is it a cloak for personal gain?"

We are glad Sir Arthur has asked this question, and we have no doubt that he will be interested in the reply which we now propose to give.

Her real name is Mrs. Pridmore, and she has lately operated from apartments in Charlwood Street, S.W. As "Sister Margaret," she issues printed circulars of appeal "For Charity in the Name of God," and gives voice to many pious sentiments.

She reminds the public that at some future time they may be hungry and crave for bread; weary and long for a bed to rest their tired limbs.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"And yet in the midst of this great city," her circulars run, "there are hundreds of our brothers and sisters and little helpless children in these wretched circumstances through no fault of their own."

These are heartrending words, calculated to move the most hardened souls to pity, which, of course, is exactly what "Sister Margaret" is anxious to do.

A free-lance

Apart from asking for cash, she appeals for discarded clothing; but if you ask what charity she represents you will ask in vain.

Mrs. Pridmore, in the character of "Sister Margaret," certainly appears in nurse's garb upon the Embankment from time to time, dispensing sandwiches, but she covers ground that is already well trodden by charitable institutions which have an undoubted claim to priority, and also by the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

But Mrs. Pridmore, or "Sister Margaret," is not recognised by the Charity Organisation Society at all, which is hardly surprising, since she has no "mission" and issues nothing whatever in the way of a balance-sheet or record of any money she may receive in response to her touching appeals.

In the same way, there is no record to show how the said money is disposed of.

All these are very excellent reasons why "Sister Margaret's" appeals should be disregarded, for, as the law stands to-day, any individual can collect money at will, and so long as some trifling proportion is devoted to charity nobody is empowered to enforce legal restraint.

We hope, however, that this article will cause "Sister Margaret" to curb her activities.

WAR FILM EXPOSED

FAMOUS NOVELIST EXPLOITED

A Prospectus of Lies

IT is the business of a prospectus to enlighten the investing public whose subscriptions it invites. When, therefore, we find one garnished with misrepresentations, exposure is well merited

A BRITISH film production, described as a "non-speculative" investment, with assured and substantial profits, and favoured by "Government co-operation," was recently advertised under a box number in a financial newspaper.

An interested applicant was rewarded with a letter from a person named Stanley H. Thompson, of "Rock House," 47, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.

Mr. Thompson spoke enthusiastically of an "exceptional opportunity" and urged an "early reply, as the remaining capital is being rapidly taken up."

With his letter Mr. Thompson enclosed a typewritten prospectus, at the head of which he inscribed the phrase "Strictly private and confidential."

A perusal of this prospectus enables us to understand why Mr. Thompson was so anxious for privacy; but in the public interest we feel it our duty to ignore his written injunction.

Confident of success

Stanley H. Thompson signs himself as "hon. secretary" of the T. and N. Film Syndicate, which, we learn, "has been formed solely and specifically to finance the one British film" described in the prospectus.

In the title "T. and N." we have an abbreviation of the phrase "Then and Now," and it has been chosen because the film in question is to be one depicting contrasting pictures of the France-Flanders front in war and peace.

When this production is completed and marketed, we read, "the capital will be returned to the subscribers, together with the proportionate share of the substantial profits which will be undoubtedly earned."

Why is the syndicate so confident of success? The answer is set forth at great length in the prospectus—which occupies nearly two closely packed foolscap pages—but a summary of the essential factors will suffice to make this point clear to our readers.

In the first place, the prospectus states quite emphatically that the syndicate has been able to obtain a large selection of excellent photographs on loan from the Imperial War Museum.

These, we are informed, comprise views of practically every well-known place as it appeared during the war years.

Careful calculations

For the present-day aspect of these places, it is said that the services of two expert camera men have been secured.

The literary side—that is to say, the sub-titles, etc.—will, it is stated, be "placed in the hands of the well-known novelist, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, who is on account of his experiences during the war, particularly suited to undertake this work."

Finally, the prospectus states that the film will be produced in co-operation with the War Office and the directors of the Imperial War Museum.

On the financial side, we are informed that very careful calculations have been made and that the capital will be limited to £2,500.

Startling denials

The bulk of this—£1,400 to be exact—is said to have been subscribed "privately," but anyone who so chooses can take up not less than £50 or not more than £250 of the balance.

These casual subscribers are promised 5 per cent. of their money plus a share in 90 per cent. of the profits. Cheques should be made payable to the T. and N. Syndicate, but should be sent to Stanley H. Thompson at his private address.

As to the individuals who constitute the "syndicate" the prospectus remains silent. Why are their names omitted?

In an endeavour to find out a little more about this ambitious proposition, we first approached the Imperial War Museum for confirmation of the fact that it was associating itself so whole-heartedly with the venture.

Our questions occasioned some surprise, for, strange to say, the museum officials knew nothing of the matter whatever.

They had not lent out any photographs to their knowledge and the "T. and N. Syndicate" was quite unknown to them!

Enquiries at the War Office yielded much the same result. Nothing whatever was known either of the syndicate or its proposed film.

Too much speculation

After these disclosures we were not surprised when Mr. Gilbert Frankau protested that he had never heard of the syndicate either.

When he learnt of the manner in which his name was being associated with the scheme he was naturally very indignant, for he is not undertaking any work of the description implied.

All these facts would be damning enough; but, apart from the misstatements in the prospectus, we are able to state that the general idea of the "Then and Now" film has already been worked out successfully by another company, so that the strange syndicate's contemplated efforts have not even the virtue of originality.

To term such a proposition "non-speculative" is preposterous, and most people will agree that the syndicate has indulged in just a little too much speculation in its imaginative prospectus

A PLUM-COLOURED PLUNDERER

AMAZING FORGER AT LARGE

Baffling the Bankers

A POLISHED criminal named Carter, who has baffled the police for some time past with a series of clever frauds, has brought sorrow into many a home this Christmastide.

Though only thirty years of age, this ultra-fashionable rogue possesses such criminal abilities that he has come to be regarded as a present-day Raffles.

But most master-criminals have some weakness, and Carter's failing lies in an inordinate passion for plum-coloured garments. He is not content with a suit of this hue, but often affects an overcoat to match.

He also has a penchant for five-guinea brown shoes, which he chooses to adorn with spats.

He seems to vary his Christian names at will, and often assumes the rank of "captain" when engaged in one or another of his exploits. He is exceedingly well-spoken, possesses all the attributes of a University education, and seldom "works" without a handsome saloon car.

Bluff and impudence

Lately he has been motoring from place to place and calling upon various shopkeepers with fastidious orders for seasonable presents. In this way he has succeeded in obtaining all kinds of goods by false pretences.

But while this conduct is in itself sufficient to stamp "Captain" Carter as a persistent rogue, it only represents one of his numerous "sidelines."

He has other and more profitable cards which he plays with consummate skill and he is an adept in the art of plundering hotels!

He will drive up majestically in his saloon car and engage a suite of rooms in a manner which suggests that he is the type of touring business man whose every second is of value.

It can only be said that he simply overwhelms the management with his importance, and, having secured confidence in this way, it is his invariable custom to depart without paying his bill and taking with him many valuable souvenirs that are long lamented by other hotel guests, who wonder to where they can have disappeared.

A trump card

Though Carter has freely indulged in this form of crime of late, he is far too ambitious to be satisfied with bilking hotel proprietors and robbing his fellow-guests.

During his residence at the various hotels he is all the time improving the shining hour by striking up friendships with some wealthy persons amongst the guests, whom he singles out for "special" attention.

Posing as a light-hearted but hard-working man of business, he will carefully direct the most casual conversation into his own chosen channels in order to familiarise himself with his prospective victim's tastes and habits.

When he is on good terms and is able to drop into the guest's room for a chat or a drink, Carter plays his trump card by catching his host unawares and purloining his cheque-book.

It is primarily to maintain a ready supply of cheque-books that Carter lingers at hotels.

At a provincial establishment, for instance, about two weeks ago, Carter obtained a cheque-book belonging to a client of a well-known bank. So deftly did he carry out the theft that the cheques were not missed until several days had elapsed.

By that time, however, more than one of the cheques had been abstracted from the book and filled in by Carter for substantial amounts.

The work of forging and cashing them through unsuspecting shopkeepers and other dupes then presented little difficulty to a man of Carter's accomplishments.

Some of these cheques were signed by Carter in the name of Davies, and his amazing resourcefulness may be gauged from the fact that in some instances he actually got banks to cash them over the counter!

Carter does not believe in doing things by halves, and within the past few days the authorities have received information that, apart from cheques he has scattered for smaller sums, he has succeeded in cashing one for £200, one for £150, two for £100 each and two for £50!

Overdue arrest

All, of course, are worthless to the dupes who cashed them!

To the long list of hotel proprietors, shopkeepers and bankers who have been swindled by this rogue, we must not omit to add certain garage proprietors in various districts.

Some of the latter, it is true, have only been imposed upon to the extent of garage hire, but others have been gulled into letting Carter have cars in return for worthless cheques.

"Captain" Carter

He has, of course, sold the vehicles immediately after these operations, pretending that he was a private individual fascinated in the "sideline" of buying and selling cars!

In all, this rogue has lately contrived to obtain sums which total thousands of pounds by his various exploits, and it is exasperating that he should apparently be able to pursue his successful career unhampered—particularly as he is well known to the police as a much-convicted criminal, having been to prison time after time for fraud.

We can only hope that the publicity accorded him in this exclusive exposure will prove a formidable obstacle when Carter next approaches prospective victims, and that it will eventually be instrumental in effecting his long-overdue arrest.

Kay's Comic Cuts

Yankee Flapdoodle

"KAY'S startling, marvellous collection of new, up-to-date valuable secrets" is the heading of a pamphlet issued by the O. Kay Company, of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., and now being distributed in this country.

This call from across the Atlantic may make an appeal to the credulous and curious, but we do not feel that it should be permitted to pass without comment.

The O. Kay Company seeks to impart wisdom and the secrets of experience in the form of a handy "and valuable compilation of the most wonderful, useful and practical information, formulas, ideas, remedies, trade-secret helps and suggestions."

Lightening burdens

It claims that its efforts will help clients to save money in many ways, at the same time lessening their burdens and adding to their pleasures. It is careful to add that the "secrets" are not founded on imagination, but on practical experience.

This being so, let us examine one or two of the propositions so enthusiastically heralded.

One of the "secrets" deals with the unusual art of making sweets without the aid of heat, fire or cookery. Said to be worth 8/6, and originally priced at 25 cents, it is offered for 10 cents! The reason for such a "smashing reduction" is not made clear. Is it sheer generosity?

Great secrets

Then we have the "great valuable drugless secret," which is claimed as a certain remedy for catarrh of the stomach—"worth dollars to dyspepsia sufferers," yet reduced from 15 to 10 cents.

The fair sex is catered for in the "great secret for women"—a safe specific for the removal of superfluous hair, with no dangerous drugs. This is also offered at 10 cents instead of the usual 15.

Various other offers emanate from the O. Kay Company, of Chicago, such as "How to make extra money at home easily," and trade secrets to enable ambitious people "to make money on the side."

All things considered, the above represents the most preposterous example of Yankee flapdoodle to reach us for many a day.

Who Wouldn't Be?

A Tragical Farce!

THE story of Robert Howard, an inmate of the County and City Mental Hospital, Burghill, near Hereford, is one in which tragedy and farce are intermingled. For Howard, however, it is mostly tragedy.

As a lad Howard was seriously injured by a bull while working on a farm. After this sad experience he became subject to epileptic seizures, and, having no one to care for him or to safeguard his interests, he was certified as an imbecile and sent to the institution named above.

That was some years ago, and although Howard's condition has steadily improved, he sees little chance of regaining his liberty.

Up to this point his story is nothing but stark tragedy, but it is in the present attitude of the hospital authorities that the element of farce enters.

Topsy-turvy reasoning

When someone who was interesting himself on this unhappy man's behalf recently wrote for some explanation, he was favoured with an extraordinary reply from the medical superintendent of the mental hospital.

This epistle, before us at the moment, contains some remarkable admissions and some topsy-turvy reasoning.

For instance, the superintendent admits that this so-called "imbecile" is "usefully employed on the farm here," yet he contends that Howard could not earn "a full living" outside as he is unstable and "irritable at times."

Striking admission

In these circumstances, it is stated that his discharge cannot be recommended as he needs a "certain amount of supervision and control," but this self-same letter *admits* that Howard has had no fits for the past eight years!

Now, Howard is anxious to take up work in the outside world, fully confident that he can make headway in spite of the lost years of enforced detention. It is reasonable to suppose that he is quite free from fits now and he surely deserves a chance.

Who wouldn't be "irritable at times" in the uncongenial surroundings of a mental hospital?

'Flu relieved in 24 hours

THIS Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins and other valuable ingredients. Prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets will relieve:—

Influenza Colds, Fever	in 24 hours
Headache, Neuralgia, etc.	in 5 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence ..	in 5 to 10 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression	in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.	in 10 to 15 minutes

YEAST IS LIFE

AN eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.

YEAST-VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes

CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets

TESTED JB

OUR GUARANTEE.
Obtain a 1/3 Bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these Tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

IRVING'S · YEAST · VITE · LABORATORIES
CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1

corns *banished by Radox*

Why spend pounds on fruitless corn "cures" when 1/6 will buy you a packet of Radox Bath Salts? Here is a gentleman who rid himself of years-old offenders after only three 15-minute Radox footbaths. You may need three or you may need more, but sooner or later your corns must come out, root and all, if you pin your faith to Radox. Read the letter:

"I had two very stubborn corns on my toes. I bathed my feet in Radox Bath Salts, and on the third night I was able to pick the corns right out without any pain. I was amazed at the way the corns came out. They had troubled me for years."
16th November, 1927. D.G.

When you put your feet into a foot bath containing Radox the salt softens the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Ask for Radox at your chemist. Price 1/6 per Half Pound Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

TESTED JB

Give your feet that "Kruschen feeling."

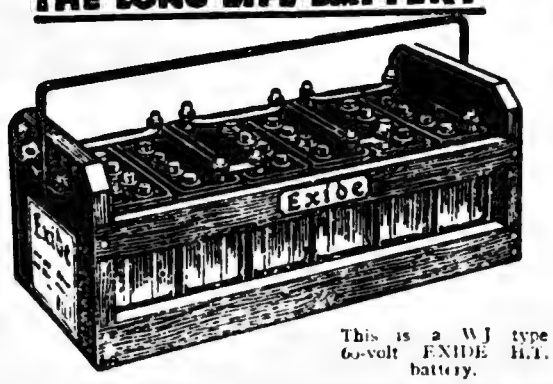
A WIRELESS BATTERY SHOULD GIVE—

—Steady discharge
—No fluctuation
—Silent background
—No trouble

Exide Wireless Batteries fulfil ALL these conditions.

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY



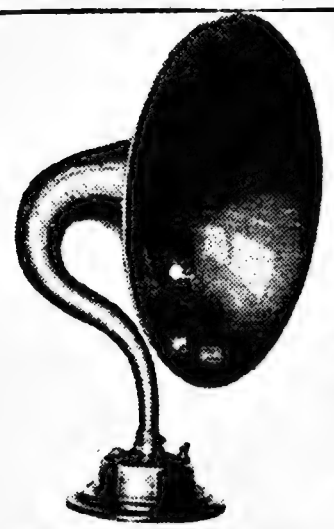
This is a WJ type 60-volt EXIDE H.T. battery.

Price 37/6 in crate with wire carrying handle.

Also supplied in 10-volt units at 5/- (without crate).

Obtainable from your local dealer or Exide Service Agent.

Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, near Manchester.



THE NEW EDISWAN "ONE-DER" LOUDSPEAKER.

AT LAST, a loudspeaker giving superlative reproduction over the whole musical range is available at this remarkably low price.

Musical experts already sing the praises of the new Ediswan "ONE-DER."

It is finished in an attractive deep brown colour that harmonises with almost any decorative scheme.

Your local dealer will be pleased to give a demonstration.

Full size model - **£2 10s. 0d.**

Height 22 ins., Diameter of flare 16 ins.

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.,
123/5, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Patent No. 243431, 243432.

Surprise & Please with a "TERRY."

—it is just the gift for a cyclist or motor-cyclist to a brother or sister of the wheel. —It will give miles and miles of pleasure and freedom from sorenes. —The "Terry" is first in the class it created. List free.

Specify rider's weight when ordering.

Motor Cycle Models
14" x 14" ... 42/-
13" x 13" ... 36/6

Cycle Models
4 Models ... 18/6

TERRY

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, Ltd.,
Manufacturers,
REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Est. 1855.

THE BANK "INVENTOR"

WE BOUNCE THE BALLROOM BOUNDER

"John Bull's" Exclusive Exposure

OUR exclusive exposures of super-swindlers are followed by prosecutions with gratifying regularity, so, apart from acting as a warning to prospective victims, the articles often have the double effect of landing wrongdoers in jail.

Perhaps one of the most successful swindlers whose operations have thus been cut short is Mr. John Powell, described by us a month or so ago as "A Ballroom Bounder."

In subjecting Powell's methods to close analysis, we called upon Scotland Yard to pay special attention to his movements, expressing the hope that this "dry-land pirate would soon be clapped in irons."

John Powell, who was born in Canada, was brought to England as a child and spent his early days in Liverpool. Yearning for a life on the high seas, he obtained a position as cook upon a liner, and for some time followed this seagoing occupation quite satisfactorily.

Desire for decorations

But the sea cook was not content to follow so humble a calling for ever, and apparently his daily glimpses of the imposing ship's officers filled him with a desire to deck himself out in blue serge and gold braid.

However, apart from being a good cook, he could muster no qualifications that would enable him to realise his coveted ambition.

So, a year or so ago, he bade farewell to the galley, and left the sea for ever. But if there were drawbacks to attaining his desire on the high seas, Powell saw no reason why he should not become a "naval officer" on dry land, and to this end he secured the complete outfit of a ruler in the King's Navee.

Not satisfied with this, he proceeded to adorn his chest with numerous ribands and decorations, including a Mons Star, though not entitled to any of them.

During the war he served in the King's Liverpool Regiment, and it may be recorded to his credit that he was gassed in France.

Clever impostures

Against this, however, the records at the War Office show that whilst in the Army he was guilty of a very grave offence, as a result of which he was court martialled and sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

Following this disgraceful episode and his subsequent demobilisation, Powell adopted a false name and gained admittance to the ranks of the Royal Air Force, but he had not been an aspiring airman long before he was once again in trouble, which led to his ignominous dismissal.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when he began to plough his lonely furrow as a dry-land naval officer, he soon became known to the police as a clever impostor.

Stealing from boarding-houses and obtaining goods by false pretences in various names led to occasional convictions in different parts of the country.

But Powell was unperturbed until in 1925, after a series of wholesale frauds in which he robbed many women, he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Leeds.

Thoughtful consideration

That kept him quiet until the early part of the present year, when he was released from jail, having earned nine months' remission. Almost immediately we heard of him again; but this time he was masquerading as Commander John Edwards, R.N.

Investigation, however, presented little difficulty, and we were soon able to establish the real identity of this amazing naval commander.

Judge Atherley-Jones, K.C., who sentenced this bogus naval officer

Within a few weeks of his release, complaints were arriving from all quarters.

Commander John Edwards, R.N., was going from place to place, visiting shopkeepers, ordering goods extensively, paying for them with cheques that were invariably dishonoured, and, wherever possible, obtaining change in addition.

In one case he wandered into a men's outfitters, and, with a most authoritative air, selected a large consignment of goods. He was on leave at the time, he explained, and would like his purchases to be sent to an address in St. John's Wood.

By an oversight, he had not allowed himself quite enough ready cash to meet his pre ent requirements, but he produced a cheque-book and proceeded to fill in a form drawn on the Royal Naval Bank.

After this cheque had been accepted it "occurred" to the commander that he could save the shopkeeper the bother of delivering the goods by running them home in his car.

He did so, but later the shopkeeper discovered that the "Royal Naval Bank" existed only in the imagination of the resourceful commander, who had somehow secured some obsolete cheques used during the war by an institution now defunct.

Scores of similar cheques had been passed in the same way.

On another occasion, the commander visited a West End jeweller, and stated that he was home on special leave and wished to give a ring to his fiancée.

Giving a false name and address, he succeeded in getting an expensive ring in return for a cheque which was later returned dishonoured.

Varied operations

Jewellery, clothing, cigars, wines, sports' accessories and motor-cars are among the goods obtained by the plausible Commander Edwards, R.N., from scores of tradespeople in different parts of the country.

And all the time, it must be remembered, he was on ticket-of-leave, liable to be sent back to jail at a moment's notice.

On occasion he varied his operations, and in one case approached a firm of lamp-shade manufacturers, mentioning the name of one of its customers by way of introduction.

He explained that he was shortly retiring from the Navy, and proposed to open a lampshade business himself in another part of England.

So well did he tell his story that he succeeded in obtaining a valuable consignment of lampshades, which were sent on his instructions to an accommodation address.

His cheque in settlement was, of course, dishonoured, but by that time the clever commander had turned the lampshades into hard cash by disposing of them at much below cost.

With ready versatility, he also approached the organiser of a hospital ballot and represented himself as a great charity worker. He claimed to be a member of several leading clubs and suggested that tickets might be sold there.

Caught at last

In his enthusiasm, he went still further, and offered to open a stall for the exclusive sale of ballot-tickets. In the end, he succeeded in getting away with numerous books, which he sold without accounting for.

Although all the facts given above are supplemental to our recent exposure, we said quite enough then to warrant his arrest, and we are pleased to record the fact that he was sentenced at the Old Bailey by Judge Atherley-Jones a few days ago to eighteen months' hard labour.

This sentence was passed after this thirty-year-old scamp had been found guilty on four charges of fraud, but the justification of our original article becomes apparent when we say that no fewer than forty-six other cases were taken into consideration against him, in thirty of which he posed as a naval officer.

We are glad that our exposure has been instrumental in removing such a dangerous menace to society.

Gold Going Begging

A Dubious Offer

THE other day a gentleman was attracted by an advertisement which implied that a partner was required for the "preliminary exploitation" of certain valuable properties in connection with gold, diamond and tin mines.

£2,000 capital was needed and initial application had to be made through a box number.

The gentleman in due course received a communication from a person called F. J. Whatley, of "Mountcoombe," Surbiton, Surrey, who stated that he was interested in several mining propositions in Africa.

"It is almost impossible to explain the position by correspondence," he added, "but if you are really interested and have the available capital I shall be pleased to arrange to meet you in the West End."

Gold and tin

Mr. Whatley concluded with the remark that the "possibilities of large profits are enormous," so the gentleman duly arranged a meeting in the lounge of a West End hotel.

Mr. Whatley later conducted the applicant to an office at 41, Wigmore Street, where he was in business as "John Francis, Ltd."

He stated that he had come from South Africa, and that he was in a position to obtain certain mining concessions, one a diamond mine lying to the north of Kimberley.

Another was a gold mine in Tanganyika territory, while he also had knowledge of a second gold mine and a tin mine as well.

If the applicant would put up £2,000 Mr. Whatley proposed to float a parent company and send out a mining expert to report upon the mines. Subsequently it would be possible to float a large company. A £2,000 investor would come in on a fifty-fifty basis.

Meanwhile, Mr. Whatley hinted that if the applicant was in need of a job something might be arranged in connection with his activities as John Francis, Ltd.

According to its booklet this firm deals in stocks, shares, mining and all classes of investment.

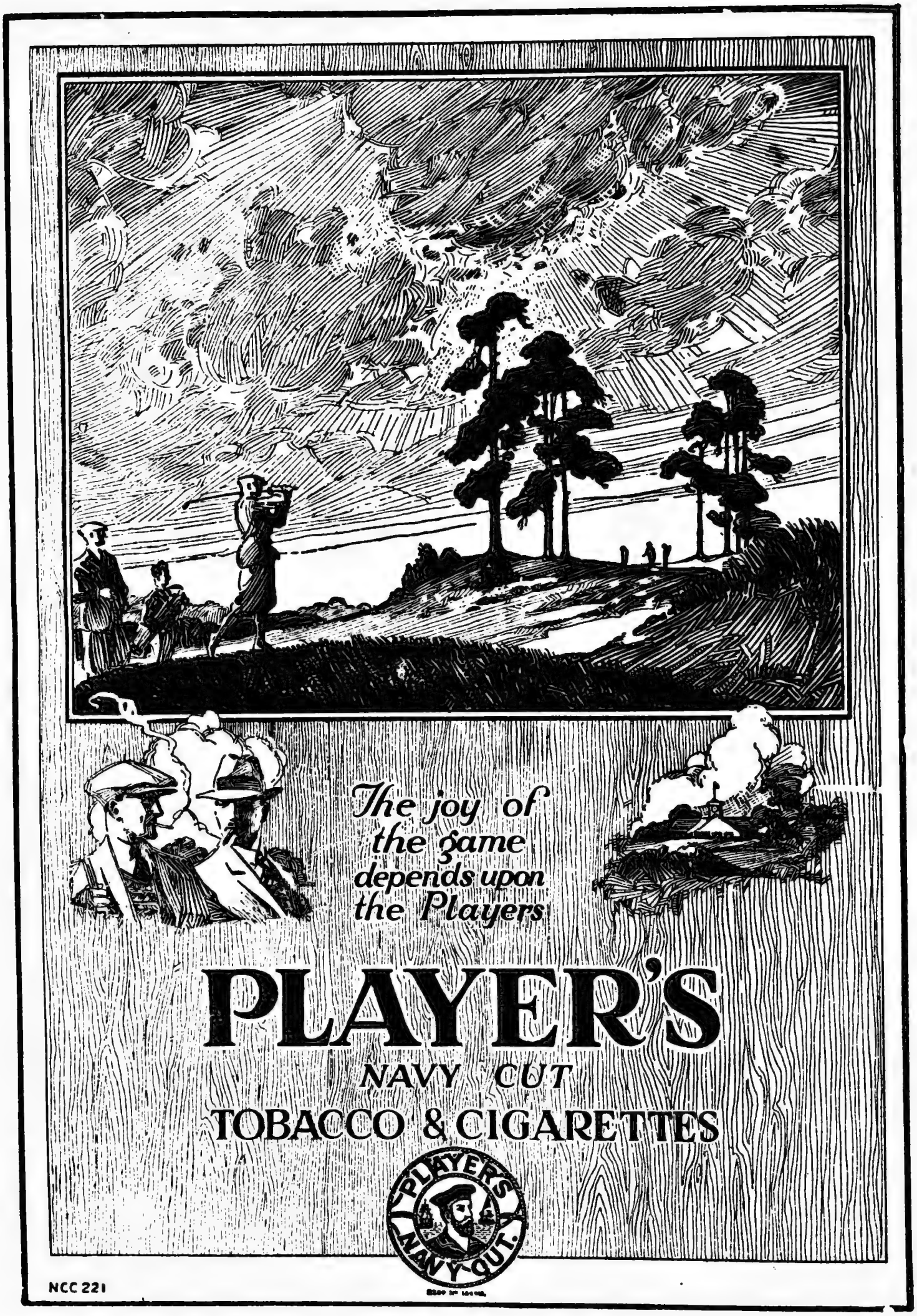
When we say that the booklet gives much space to option dealing, and actually describes this unsatisfactory form of transaction in enthusiastic terms, our readers will understand the type of company it really is.

Nebulous schemes

As a matter of fact, Somerset House returns show that John Francis, Ltd., was formed as recently as August 17 last, with a nominal capital of only £100.

Mr. Francis John Whatley is the sole director, and he is the gentleman now calling for £2,000 in connection with nebulous mining schemes.

Finally, nothing is known of Mr. Whatley or the "concessions" he talked about by the South African High Commissioners, and we would urge him to produce something tangible before calling for capital.


The joy of the game depends upon the Players
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
TOBACCO & CIGARETTES
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
NCC 221

LOOKING around at life, there does not seem much "glory to God in the highest" or "peace and good will towards men." Yet the spirit of Christmas is still the only thing that will bring these things on earth, and make life really worth living

The Woman who Lost Xmas

by **"WOODBINE WILLIE"** *(Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)*

"OF all days in the year I hate and detest Christmas Day most cordially. I am always glad when it is over and I can go to bed." A middle-aged woman said that to me one Christmas Eve, and I thought it was one of the saddest things I had ever heard said.

She was a fine, brave, unselfish woman, and I had never guessed until that moment how deeply the iron had entered into her soul. We had just tied the label on the last of a thousand dolls that were to be distributed to poor children next day.

They lay in rows before us with their wide-open but unseeing eyes fixed in a meaningless stare upon the ceiling.

"I am too old to pretend any longer," she said, "and Christmas is all pretence. Dolls—dolls—it is all dolls and make-believe, and I am too old to play with dolls. I would rather have the naked, ugly truth about life than this beauty that is not true."

She has passed on now, and knows the truth, or more of it than I can ever know this side of the grave. I knew what she meant at the time and strove to comfort her. But her wound was deep. She had lost her husband in the war after three weeks of married life, and she was the kind of woman who only loves once.

Too good to be true

She had found life a cruel thing, not kind as Christmas is. There must be thousands like her, men and women in whose hearts and minds that bitter contrast aches, the kindness of Christmas and the cruelty of life.

It aches in me. Not that life has been cruel to me personally. It has been far kinder than I deserve. For myself I have no complaints. But I am always coming face to face with the stupid, blind and blundering cruelty of life, and the naked ugliness of its seamy side.

It is not easy for most of us to believe that Christmas is true, and that there is a God of Love Who cares for men, and works with a loving purpose out of which our human eyes shall one day see the end.

Looking around at life there does not seem to be much glory to God in the highest, much peace on the earth, and there certainly is not any good will amongst men for angels to make a song about.

It looks as if Christmas were too good to be true. But if it is too good to be true, it is not good at all. If it is only a fairy-tale then it is a fraud. You cannot feed hungry souls on fairy-tales, however beautiful they be.

And is there not a good deal of fairy-tale about Christmas? How much of the story is true? Did angels really sing that song, and did their herald speak with men? Did poor shepherds hear and understand? Did wise men really follow a star, and did the star stand still? How much of this can I believe as literally true?

Romance and reality

It reads and sounds like a legend or a fairy-tale. But I want truth. It is a beautiful tale, I grant you.

But its beauty is worse than ugliness unless it stands for truth. I am too old to play with dolls or be entertained by Father Christmas.

"When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things." I put them away very reluctantly, and now and then I like to take them out again, and forget I am a man.

But it is not the same. It can never be the same. I can never recapture the thrill of the nights when I tried to lie awake and catch a glimpse of Father Christmas.

He was a reality then, a glorious reality, now he is only play. It would spoil it all if I tried to be serious about it.

Is Christmas all pretence?

Is that how it is with the Christmas story too? Must I put away the wise men and the shepherds as I put away my toys, and only take them out again when I want to forget I am a man, and play as a child with children? Is there nothing serious about Christmas?

Deep down in the hearts of thousands of men and women I believe that question asks itself and demands an answer on Christmas Day. "I am too old to pretend any longer. Is Christmas all pretence?"

But wait a moment. Was there nothing serious about Father Christmas? Is there nothing serious about him now?

That moment when you have filled the Christmas stocking, and stand looking down upon the face of your sleeping child, when he stirs in his sleep and stretches out his hand—is there nothing serious about that? Is that pretence?

My God, if it is, then life is all pretence, and there is nothing real in the world. If Love is not real and serious, then the universe and all that is in it is an empty sham. And is it not the reality of Love that lies behind the Christmas stories?

Maybe we do not know exactly how, or exactly when, Christ was born into the world. But we do know that He was born, and that He has stamped His image so deeply on the minds of men that all the sin and sorrow of the ages cannot wash it out. And that image is the image of perfect Love.

The bitter contrast

The Love that you feel for your child He felt for all children and for all the human race. By His life and teaching He proclaimed that Love was the reality of life, the other name for God.

Driven by that deep-seated and mysterious impulse in the mind of men which needs must love the highest when they see it, we have seized upon this life and teaching as the expression of the truest thing in life.

If life does not manifest Love now, it ought to, and must be made to.

It is somehow shameful that it does not. There is something wrong that can be, and must be, put right.

There ought to be glory to God in the highest. There ought to be peace on the earth and good will amongst men.

The stars will lead us to Love if we become wise men and learn to understand them. The poorest and humblest men and women will hear the angels' song, and set out to seek for Love if we give them a proper chance.

Christmas ought not to be too good to be true. It is this challenge of Christmas which is its reality. The bitter contrast between the kindness of Christmas and the cruelty of life is the contrast between what ought to be, what might be, and what is.

There are three ways in which we can answer to the sting of the contrast. We can pretend

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

that things are all right as they are, and that Love rules now as it ought to rule.

We can give away a little money that we do not need to pacify our consciences, a subscription to a Christmas treat, a doll, and some odd toys to help the slums, and then we can shut the world outside, draw the curtains, gather our own around us and pretend that all is well.

A miserable sham

That is a popular way of keeping Christmas. It works all right provided you are sufficiently hard in the heart and soft in the head to deceive yourself completely.

But it is a miserable sham. You can give in to the pain of the contrast, and allow it to eat away your faith in Love. You can keep Christmas with the cynics.

You can say in your heart that there is no God, that life has no meaning and no purpose, but is now, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be world without end, a miserable muddle chasing its own tail in a circle of one damned thing after another.

You can buy a merry Christmas for the price of a bottle of whisky or a night out. That also is a popular way of keeping Christmas. Men and women dance and drink not because Christ is born, but because Christ is dead and buried in the grave of outworn creeds, impossible ideals and silly superstitions.

It is our destiny!

But there is a third way. You can face the contrast between the kindness of Christmas and the cruelty of life, you can face it and let the pain of it drive you to an honest effort to make it true to life.

Christmas may be too good to be true now, but it is not too good to be made true in the future.

It must be made true. Love must become the law of life. War must be ended, and hatred killed. Cruelty to children and tyranny of greed must be abolished.

This must be done because it is our destiny to do it. The worlds will move along this way, and a little child shall lead them.

Christmas is the only thing that *is* good enough to be true.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—At the time of writing, six men and one woman lie in jail under the sentence of death for murder. This means, in plain English, that shortly the Government will commit a seven times greater crime than any one of them, and without any extenuating circumstance beyond that of a legal anachronism. Do away with capital punishment and you will establish a powerful claim to honoured remembrance. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Recently Mr. F. A. Macquisten, M.P., drew your attention to the fact that, especially in cases of influenza, many doctors prescribe spirits, and he pointed out that poor people were unable to procure this "medicine" owing to the prohibitive cost. I agree that panel doctors should be able to supply needy patients with duty-free spirits. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—"It is the duty of Ministers to do what they consider right without reference to the demands, wishes, or intentions of any other nation in the world," was your somewhat bombastic reply to President Coolidge's declared armaments policy. What I protest against is the scant heed the Government pays to the demands, wishes, and intentions of its own people. The nation claims surcease from strangling taxation, and it is the duty of politicians to carry out the people's wishes. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. ADA SALTER,
London County Council.

DEAR MADAM,—The finding of the Food Council that there is no serious profiteering in the fish trade is merely convincing evidence of incompetence, and its advice to shoppers to search out the cheapest markets for themselves is begging the question. The truth is that the Council has proved a costly failure. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. S. M. WHEELER, M.A.,
Bulwell Rectory, Nottingham.

REV. SIR,—In forbidding bridesmaids to attend weddings in your church without wearing hats you describe the custom as "an exhibition of ignorance and an insult to God." It is very obvious, if you correctly interpret the mind of the Creator, that a mistake was made in the beginning. It seems cruel to make woman with no more head-covering than man and then revile her as wicked. Or, is it that in the paradise you are aiming for female angels grow hats? JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Col. ROBERT STANDEN,
Ebury Street, S.W.

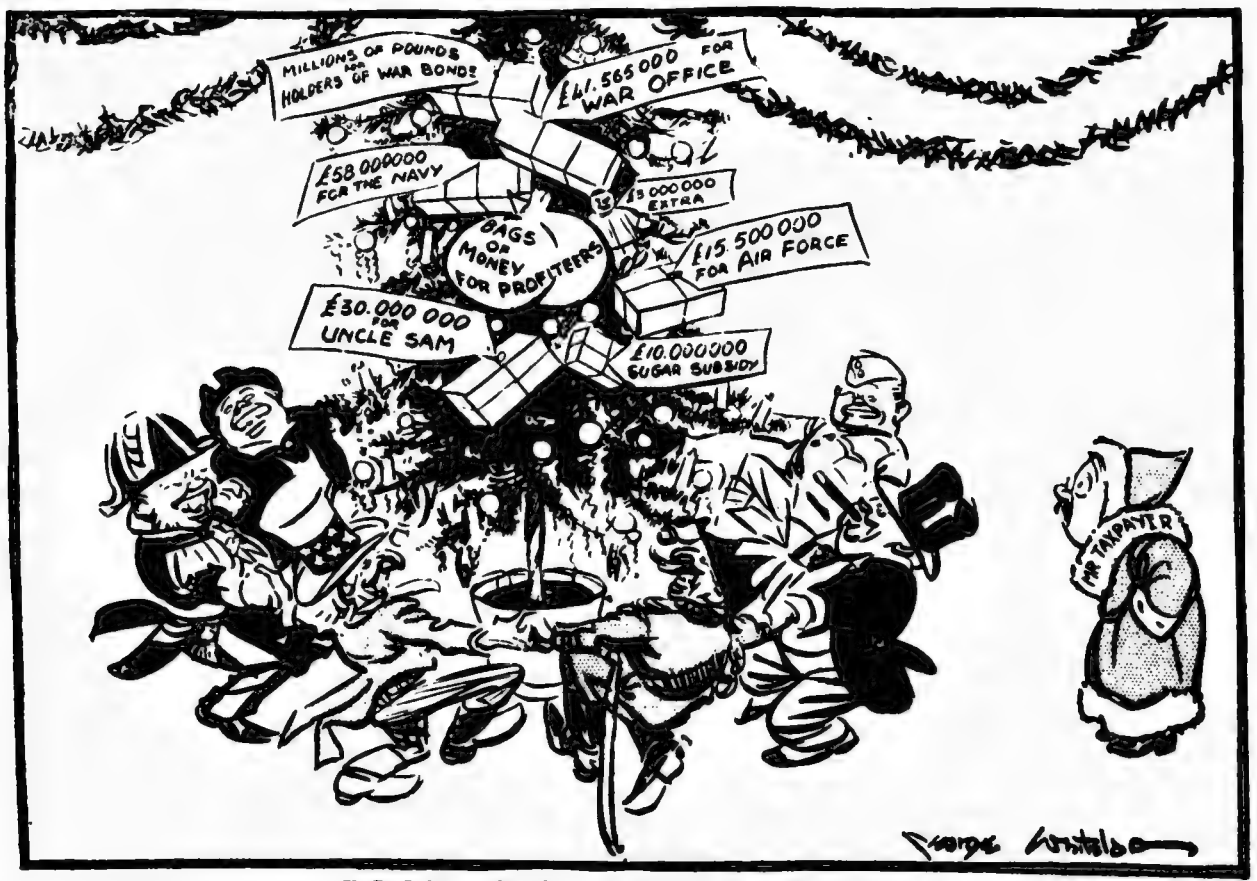
DEAR SIR,—You call attention to one of the greatest curses of existence when you rebel against the obligations of city dwellers to live in perpetual noise. In Canada and America architects use sea-grass, woven into matting, which they build into partition walls as a sound deadener. Why no such substance is used in building in this country is a mystery. JOHN BULL.

To Captain C. LLOYD,
Secretary, Devon and Somerset Staghound Hunt.

DEAR SIR,—You claim that it is only a very small proportion of the people of this country who criticise stag-hunting, and impudently declare that they are not "all there." It calls for a man of much greater eloquence than yourself to defend certain recent happenings in connection with the "sport," and if ever I am in search of a champion I shall look for one who won't mistake vulgar abuse for argument. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor JOHN MALCOLM,
Belfast.

DEAR SIR,—I, with you, am poignantly aware of the grave risk run by women nurses in the male wards of lunatic asylums, and when, as you assert, they fear to complain in case it should bring them into disfavour with the authorities, the position is rendered doubly dangerous. All thinking people must agree that no woman should ever be asked to work under such perilous conditions. JOHN BULL.


MILLIONS OF POUNDS FOR HOLDERS OF WAR BONDS
£41,565,000 FOR WAR OFFICE
£58,000,000 FOR THE NAVY
£3,000,000 EXTRA
BAGS OF MONEY FOR PROFITEERS
£15,500,000 FOR AIR FORCE
£30,000,000 FOR UNCLE SAM
£10,000,000 SUGAR SUBSIDY
MR TAXPAYER

POOR OLD SANTA CLAUS!

To His Honour Judge CRAWFORD,
Barnet County Court.

MY LORD,—Many times have I expressed my disgust at the excessive cost of litigation in this country. A lady who appeared before you had to pay £500 costs with reference to a dispute involving just half this sum, a condition of affairs which you described as "deplorable." That such a state of things is a grave blot on our judicial system none will deny. It means, in a word, that the poor are denied justice. JOHN BULL.

To Miss JOAN FRY,
Friends' House, Euston, W.C.

DEAR MADAM,—It speaks well for your kindness of heart, and that of Mr. Henry T. Gillett, that you should tour the Rhondda Valley in person and make an expert report to interested people on the terrible distress. It is good hearing that as a result 1,200 families in the direst plight will not lack Christmas cheer, but I hope your report will go further. Take it to the Government and press home the question that the situation in the coalfields must be tackled nationally. JOHN BULL.

To the Manager, Messrs. KAY,
Market Row, Yarmouth.

SIR,—That the local magistrates dismissed the case against a young girl whom you employed at 12s. a week and prosecuted for alleged theft of two sixpences proves they had doubt of your methods. Why should you "think" she was a "rogue," and after finding money in her overall, mark and replace it? Such ways are "fishy," even for a seaside town. I don't think you've anything to be proud of. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HERBERT SUTCLIFFE,
Yorkshire County Cricket Club.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on your sporting decision to decline the captaincy of your famous team rather than face a suspicion of discontent. "I am prepared to serve under any captain," you say, "since my one aim is to do my utmost for the good of the game." You play real cricket in more senses than one, and I prophesy a royal reception when next you take your stand at an English wicket. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. MARY LAWTON,
Ellers Grove, Harehill, Leeds.

DEAR MADAM,—What a brave old lady you are, to be sure! Frail and seventy-five years of age, when you were awakened by an intruder at 2 a.m. you fearlessly grappled with him. So badly did the brute injure you that for a time your life was despaired of. "I wasn't going to let him beat me," you gallantly declared. I rejoice that the fellow has been brought to justice, and trust you will live to enjoy many happy Christmases.
JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—"What is the good of wages on paper if you cannot get the work."

To safeguard the worker from the sweater, always most rampant when unemployment is worst.

SIR ARTHUR J. DORMAN:—"Luxury and amusement of a kind undreamt of before the war have become part of the daily life of the country."

And misery and unemployment another part, both evil legacies of the war.

MR. H. S. HORNE:—"There can be no real national prosperity until we have national safeguarding on comprehensive lines."

Rubbish. The higher tariff walls are built the more they keep back the tide of national prosperity.

DR. A. TWEEDIE SIMPSON:—"Is any man good enough to say that another man must live and suffer pain and disease beyond hope or health?"

Begging the question. No man is good enough to pronounce a death sentence for another.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

EUROPE'S SUICIDE CLUB

A MALIGNANT EVIL

Pull Down the Barriers

IN view of the strong pressure being put on the Government to bring the steel trade under the protection which Mr. Baldwin was pledged not to introduce during the lifetime of this Parliament, the recent conference at the Guildhall, London, on Europe's economic problems has a striking significance.

We referred a short time ago to a member of the steel trade who declared that to protect steel would be merely to encourage inefficiency. Now comes Sir Hugh Bell, ironmaster and colliery owner, who said: "I could put up a case for the protection of steel, but it would be horribly bad and if accepted by the public would ruin me."

We begin to suspect that the real difference between those who believe in protection and those who think that tariff walls are a hindrance to trade is that those who desire tariffs are unable to think simply about simple questions.

We should have thought it was painfully obvious that if you wish to buy you must be prepared to sell, and equally that if you wish to sell you must be prepared to buy.

SINCE trade, and particularly international trade, is a process of exchange, we cannot for the life of us see how prosperity is to come as long as all manner of artificial restrictions are placed in the way of this exchange.

We do not believe that this country is poor or inefficient. We do not believe that any country is poor and inefficient. We do believe that every country in Europe is endeavouring to make itself poor and inefficient by tariff walls and stupid efforts to kill its trade under the impression that it is fostering it.

There is a great danger of us all coming to regard our economic distress as the inevitable and permanent result of the war. There is no doubt that the war upset Europe to such an extent, and dislocated trade and credit so violently, that the effects will last for years to come.

We do not believe, however, that the war is the sole cause to-day of the distressing condition in which our industries find themselves. That condition is to a very large extent of our own making, and in every country the same tale can be told.

Is it any wonder that unemployment and poverty rage and that industry is slowly sinking into decay? It is human stupidity that has erected artificial barriers preventing the free flow of trade and the free interchange of goods between nation and nation.

What human stupidity has done human wisdom can undo. Tariffs, even though they be euphemistically called "safeguarding," are simply another name for national suicide.

SURELY the war taught us very clearly the extent to which nations in this modern world have become economically interdependent. Are we so incapable of learning the lessons of experience?

The effect of tariffs is probably more serious for this country than for any other, since we pay for the goods we import to a very large extent by what is known as our re-export trade. Every time a tariff is imposed goods cease to come in and automatically cease to be re-exported.

The facts are so glaring, and the effects of the tariffs so startling in their malignance, that economists and business men all over the world are becoming alarmed to the extent of doing something to eradicate the evil.

As usual, it is the politicians who refuse to see facts which plain men have seen long ago. This country, in common with the whole of Europe, will remain poor and depressed until those who suffer awake sufficiently to force the politicians to march with the times instead of lagging years behind.

Sir Hugh Bell, a big ironmaster, who bluntly declares that to "safeguard" steel would ruin him

CADS And Hooligans!

TO the disgust of decent citizens, University students, by way of celebrating a football match, have again turned a peaceable London into a wild scene of destruction and rioting.

Young "gentlemen" from Oxford and Cambridge have made themselves into an abomination and a disgrace to civilisation. They have shouted and screamed and broken glass in West End theatres, thrown things at actors, and ruined women's dresses with fire extinguishers, so that performances had to be closed down.

In the streets policemen had to be reinforced as traffic was impeded, pedestrians harried, red lamps removed from street obstructions and taxicabs belonging to working drivers smashed.

It is not good enough for the University heads to wash their hands of responsibility and declare "they can only leave such disgraceful behaviour to be dealt with by the ordinary civil authorities."

We see how that works out. The penalty for all this gross and disgusting behaviour has now been paid. There were two arrests. There were a few summonses. Three defendants were fined each a paltry 10s. and one 20s.!

The sense of justice in British citizens is strong. They know that if a gang of lads came from the East End of London to celebrate a football match in such a fashion they would be clapped into prison without the option of a fine. They would get six months a-piece at least. We imagine some would go to Borstal for a term of years.

There is deep resentment against this differentiation of treatment. We warn the "civil authorities" it is growing. We also bluntly tell the University heads they have the power to prohibit the inter-University football matches, and unless they manage to inculcate decent ideas of citizenship into their charges, their duty is to do so.

WHAT A MOCKERY!

Homes and Hearts

TO many thousands of our fellow-countrymen this Christmas the thought of "happy reunions round the home fireside" must be little but hollow mockery. They may have habitations. They cannot be said to have homes.

It is not only their poverty of which we are thinking. It is the awful conditions under which that poverty must be lived out.

All over the country medical officers of health are doing their utmost to arouse the public conscience. They are raising anxious voices of protest.

Epidemic disease, which before the war bid fair to become negligible in these islands, is now a serious and constantly spreading menace. Even this, apart from natural feelings of humanity, makes disquieting the extreme slowness with which municipalities move.

Take, for example, one instance only, the housing conditions in London Fields and Hackney Wick, concerning which Captain Garro-Jones, M.P. for South Hackney, is raising such spirited protest.

There is no doubt that these conditions also weigh heavily on the Hackney Borough Council's Public Health Committee and especially on its hard-working Medical Officer of Health.

About the latter we make no complaint. But we do demur at the fact that while the committee "entirely agrees with Captain Garro-Jones that the conditions in which many of the families live are appalling," it should state publicly that "these conditions are largely due to overcrowding and poverty, and in many cases to deplorable habits and carelessness as regards house property."

This is cheap. It is not humanitarian and it is not common-sense. Considered as tenants the inhabitants of a stockyard might be said to have "deplorable habits and carelessness as regards house property," but that does not deter agriculturists who know their business from providing shelters that are weatherproof, sanitary and sweet. They do it because it pays.

The houses in which many of these poor people are compelled to live are not sanitary. The committee itself admits their "appallingness." We say bluntly that they are not fit for pigs.

Until they have houses fit to be considered as "property to be cared for" it is hardly fair to criticise their habits. Granted there are bad tenants, the sheep cannot be separated from the goats where all the pens are equally filthy.

There is in South Hackney a great barracks of casual wards, used chiefly, when at all, by outsiders. Why not convert it into blocks of cheap flats? Local inhabitants, sufferers under the present régime, are perfectly right to press for this very necessary and perfectly possible first step

An Outrage on Justice

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"IF I have to go to prison, what will become of my baby? And when he grows up everyone will tell him he is illegitimate and that his mother went to prison. He and I have got to bear all this and the man who was the cause of it all goes free."—ETHEL CARTER

Sir Ernest Wild, who sentenced Ethel Carter

THERE are some things that make my blood boil, and the cases of Ethel Carter and Mrs Daisy Chivers are among them.

Ethel Carter, a young waitress of twenty-one, has just been sent to prison for twelve months for throwing vitriol at her betrayer. Alfred Johnson, the man in question, was a married man posing as single. He and the girl lived together at Peaconsfield, and in due course a child was born.

When the girl discovered that Johnson was a married man living apart from his wife she went well nigh mad with grief. Whereupon he coolly strolled out of the house and left her. He came back, but behaved so badly that Ethel Carter left him in her turn, and from that moment he avoided her altogether.

Despairing and half-crazy, she got some sulphuric acid at a chemist's shop and wandered about London looking for her betrayer. One day she came across him sitting at the wheel of a car and threw the liquid in his face.

The real culprit

She was arrested and Johnson, who was not badly injured, actually had the nerve to appear in the witness-box against her.

He was told by Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder, that he was a man whose word could not be believed. It was proved that he had betrayed at least one other girl; but he goes scot-free while Ethel Carter goes to prison for twelve months.

In passing sentence Sir Ernest Wild said: "If ever a woman was sinned against you have been sinned against. I cannot trust myself to describe what I think of that heartless deceiver of women, the man Johnson."

I assert that Johnson's real place was in the dock and that the occupant of the witness-box should have been Ethel Carter.

I can see all the moral Jeremiahs turning up the whites of their eyes and murmuring unctuously that she should not have thrown the sulphuric acid.

I can see all the old tabby cats and soured spinsters angrily declaring that she should not have lived with the man.

Horrible deed

I can hear a perfect howl of hypocritical moral indignation arising at the mere statement that Johnson should have been in the dock and the girl in the witness-box against him.

I will grant them all their case, and still demand to know what difference it makes to the facts. If the best the law can do is to send to prison a girl who has been betrayed and deserted, and let off scot-free a man whom the judge cannot find words to describe in his contempt, then, despite the moralists and puritans, I do not think much of the law.

For contrast the sentence passed on Ethel Carter with the sentence passed on Mrs. Daisy Chivers.

Mrs. Chivers did not live with a man without going through the formality of marriage. She did not throw vitriol at anybody. She was one of the most contemptible of creatures, a baby farmer.

She took children into her care for money without notifying the guardians that she had them. She adopted a small boy for £50 and when it was noticed that the child had a cold she was advised to send for a doctor. She said that doctors were too costly and that she herself could poultice the child—and he dies the next day.

She put the body into some papers and hid it behind the piano. Later on she took it to another house and burned it.

Travesty of justice

She had already been convicted at Portsmouth for not notifying that she had children in her care. Two other children had died and the inquest on one had revealed that the cause of death was chronic indigestion due to improper feeding.

When she moved to Brighton she took a house and proceeded to adopt children for money, but paid none of her liabilities. She was made bankrupt. Later she was sentenced for pawning the clothing of two children under her care.

When she crowned all these iniquities by concealing the death of the boy for whom she would not fetch a doctor and burning his poor little body, she was naturally sent to penal servitude for life. That, of course, is what you are thinking.

But in point of fact nothing of the sort happened. She was merely given nine months' hard labour despite the fact that the judge said, "I consider you are a very wicked woman."

I am surprised that the judge did not also pay all her debts for her and give her something out of the poor-box to start her games all over again. For if ever there was a case in which the law went sadly awry this was one.

Nine months' hard labour for a crime of this character is not a sentence, it is a travesty of justice.

Outrageous anomalies

Ethel Carter goes to prison for twelve months, and when she comes out she will find herself and her baby unwanted and left to face a cruel and cynical world that has precious little mercy for "fallen women."

Mrs. Chivers, a wicked woman if ever there was one, gets three months less and there is nothing to stop her beginning all over again when she comes out.

Do you wonder that these cases make my blood boil? Do they not make your blood boil? Is it not time that those responsible for the administration of the law and for the dispensation of justice in our courts set to work to eradicate from their work such outrageous anomalies and endeavoured to evolve a more logical system of punishment and a greater tempering of justice with mercy?

I assert with all the vehemence of which I am capable that the shocking disparity between these two crimes and the monstrous discrepancy between the two sentences is an outrage on justice.

We are celebrating the birth of Him Who, when the woman taken in adultery was brought before Him, said, "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

His birth will be celebrated from every pulpit in the land, but I doubt if from one single pulpit will come the reminder that Ethel Carter's was a case to which He would have shown compassion.

I think that some of our judges need reminding occasionally that it was Mary Magdalene who was allowed to anoint the feet of Christ.

A Ministry's C

Officialdom is beyond understanding. Its worst trait is that it often inflicts injustice and injury on those whom it ought to help

OFFICIALS are, I suppose, human beings, although officialdom is apt to give one an impression of inhumanity. It is only human nature when a man desires to make a good showing in order to justify his continued employment, but when that good showing is arrived at through injustice to people who may be among those least able to defend themselves, it seems to me that some protest is necessary.

The Rt. Hon. Major Tryon, Minister of Pensions

The two Government departments I have principally in mind are the Ministry of Pensions and the Ministry of Labour, perhaps because they deal with two classes of people most in need of the fullest consideration.

It seems hardly credible that Government servants, who in private life may be the most generous and kind-hearted of men, should deliberately deprive men of the pensions to which they are entitled, or by some quibble drive them from the unemployment pay-roll and on to the rates. One would think that such actions could not be of any benefit to the officials concerned.

Yet there are many men not getting the pensions to which they are entitled, simply because they have never been informed of their rights, and there are also many men who are now getting their correct pension only because JOHN BULL has taken up their cases.

The need for the existence of a War Pensions Bureau is a public reproach. A public department, one would think, would do justice automatically. In the case of the Pensions Ministry, it has to be induced to do justice to the men who fought by, and at the expense of, an outside body.

THAT is a scandal, but there are matters in connection with the Ministry of Labour which offend equally the most elementary sense of justice.

Probably they arise, as with the Pensions Ministry, from that desire to make a good show to which I have referred. Officials desire to keep down the number of people in receipt of unemployment pay.

A Halo for Profiteers

by A. G. GARDINER

IT is idle and unjust to rail against the Food Council for not doing what it has no power to do. The real blame lies with the Government, which by setting up the Food Council deceived the public with expectations it knew to be false

THE French king who said he wanted to see a chicken cooking in every cottage saucepan had a firm grip of politics. Boiled down to its elements, politics is a question of food, raiment and shelter. That country is best governed where these three things are most abundant and most widely distributed.

And of the three, food comes first. It is the most urgent and constant of our necessities, and the common denominator of existence. You may be as rich as Rockefeller, but the needs of your stomach will not be greater than those of the pauper. It follows that the poorer you are, the more important is the food bill.

To the Lancashire operative or the Durham miner or the village postman who has four or five stomachs to satisfy on two or three pounds a week, the price of food overshadows every other consideration. It makes the difference between comfort and discomfort, health and ill-health, efficiency and inefficiency. The supply of abundant food and cheap food is therefore the chief problem of democratic politics.

Ignominious failure

Tried by this test, the Government has failed. Two years ago it set up a Food Council to enquire into the price of food, and the latest report of the Council, that dealing with the prices of fish, has just been issued. But no practical results have followed the work of the Council, and so far as I can see no practical results can follow.

This is not the fault of the Council. Let us look at the circumstances which led to its establishment. The war had smashed the economic fabric of the world, and had sent prices soaring to a new and extravagant level. This was partly inevitable, partly due to the profligacy of Governments, partly to the plunder of the profiteer.

But whatever the causes, the effect was that when the thrifty housewife went marketing, she found that her sovereign, translated into the terms of sugar, bacon, bread, and so on, was worth ten shillings.

Wages, it is true, rose to a higher level, too. But wages are always slow in overtaking a rise in prices, and in many industries an equivalent rise was not possible without bringing the business to disaster, and adding to the mass of unemployment or under-employment.

A powerless Council

The key therefore to improving the position of the housewife was not the increase of nominal wages, but the increase of real wages by the lowering of prices. By the time the present Government came into office in 1924, the purchasing power of the sovereign as compared with pre-war prices had increased from 10s. to 13s. or so.

This was something, but it was not enough. It was not enough for the man in work, who was getting an increased wage. It was still more inadequate for the man who was working short time or living on his insurance benefits.

It was realised that the first duty of the Government, therefore, was to grapple with this question of food prices. It appointed a Food Council, under the chairmanship of Lord Bradbury, to investigate the causes of high prices. But it was a gesture and nothing more.

It was nothing more because while the Council could enquire it could not act. It could discover why prices were high, but it could do nothing to lower them.

Two years have passed since the Council was set up, and the purchasing power of the sovereign is still where it was in 1924, when the Government came into office. Compared with pre-war prices, the woman when she goes shopping still gets only about 13s. in value in the goods she buys for a sovereign.

And there is nothing in the report on fish prices which leads us to hope that anything that the

Lord Bradbury, Chairman of the Food Council

Council can do will make things better. It admits that the retail prices of fish are 116 per cent. (more than double) what they were before the war, although wholesale prices are only 79 per cent. higher.

Explained mystery

But it finds no evidence "that excessive profits are being made." That is to say, the retail distributing of fish is adding 2d. in the 1s. more to the cost of fish than it did before the war, and yet no one is profiteering. This looks like a mystery; but it is not a mystery.

It explains why the Council has not brought down food prices and cannot bring down food prices. It is the overhead charges of life which chiefly absorb that 37 per cent. And those overhead charges can only be reduced by the Government.

The only way in which the price of food can be reduced and the real value of the sovereign can be restored to something like its pre-war value is by the reduction of the cost of government.

While we have an expenditure of 820 millions a year and an income-tax of 4s. in the pound, we cannot hope to get food prices down. Every penny of that 4s. tax, whether it is levied on the smack-owner who catches the fish or the railway that carries the fish or the fishmonger who distributes the fish, is passed on to the consumer who buys the fish. Hence that 116 per cent. increase.

And as with fish, so with everything else we buy. It is weighted down with taxation. When we come to luxuries like tobacco, it is a good half taxation, for in addition to the income-tax, there is the direct tax.

The root of high prices

I do not suggest that the Government can sweep away this enormous burden of taxation that keeps the cost of living so high with a wave of a wand. It cannot. But it can lighten it, ought to lighten it, and has not lightened it. On the contrary, it has increased it.

It is higher to-day by tens of millions than when the Government came into office. It has been wantonly increased by the millions that are being sunk in the mud at Singapore and by such fantastic extravagances as that beet-sugar ramp which is closing down the sugar factories of Greenock and elsewhere and costing the public six millions sterling.

These are the things that are at the root of high prices, and it is not the Food Council but the Government that we must hold responsible and to whom we must look for redress.

Cooked Figures

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

That is an admirable desire if a reduction in the number of "dole" drawers means an increase in employment.

When it simply means that the unemployed have only been transferred from the "dole" register to the rates, however, one is tempted to describe the "reduction" as not very honest and very mean camouflage.

THE Ministry of Labour exists to deal with unemployment, yet, by its own pettifogging regulations, it may prevent a man from securing employment.

A case just brought to my notice may be given as an illustration.

An out-of-work man in Devonport was offered a job by a firm of naval outfitters, provided he had some experience. Unfortunately he had had none. The firm, anxious to give the man a job, offered to give him two hours' training every night until he was qualified.

The job was to be his at the end of a month, but no wages were to be paid in respect of training, yet the employment exchange suspended the man from unemployment benefit and the Court of Referees upheld the decision.

If a man is being trained for a job, although he is not getting one penny in wages during training, he is regarded as being in employment.

The result is that men anxious to qualify for jobs to which they are not accustomed are prevented from doing so and forced to remain on the unemployment fund, instead of doing useful work, by the regulations of the very Ministry which is supposed to deal with unemployment.

I quote this case because it seems so typical of the spirit which animates our public departments. They are too often mean where they ought to be generous, lavish where they might be economical, short-sighted where vision is needed, penny-wise often and still more often pound-foolish.

THE result is that injustices are common and injustices never lack a never-ceasing propaganda to exploit them. Thus is discontent created, the blame for which must be placed at the doors of the Ministries.

The Ministries exist to perform certain services. The taxpayers pay through the nose for the services. Efficient performance is the only justification for the heavy cost, and that justification the Ministries cannot offer. Can they complain if, getting the ha'pence, they also get the kicks?

Doctors have said
"There's Health in Brown Bread"

Years ago, doctors recommended 'brown bread." Now doctors recognise that HOVIS supersedes "brown bread" in health-giving qualities.

Doctors Now Say

"Eat
HOVIS
(Trade Mark)
To-day"

Best Bakers Bake It

HOVIS LTD., LONDON & MACCLESFIELD.

FREE GIFTS for CHILDREN

THOUSANDS of FREE 5/6 Writing Sets, consisting of a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen with a real 14-carat solid gold nib tipped with iridium, and a companion Propelling Pencil, are being distributed to children in a wonderful introductory offer by "TOBY" the magazine for boys and girls. "TOBY" is the best of all magazines for the youngsters. It contains good, wholesome stories of adventure, splendid illustrations, competitions, jokes, cut-out models, etc.
Send to-day for FREE 5/6 Gift Voucher. Applications must be addressed to "TOBY," Department B, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp MUST be enclosed to cover return postage.

TWO APPALLING FAMILIES

MARRIAGES THAT MUST BE STOPPED

A Word That Startled Bumble

WHAT more pitiable fate can there be for a child than to be the offspring of mental degenerates, the tainted product of a union which is a blasphemy against Nature's laws?

All who have studied the painful problem are convinced that drastic State action is necessary to put an end to this monstrous evil. For the unchecked multiplication of the mentally unfit is among the most prolific sources of social misery, of insanity, disease and premature death.

Consequently there was universal satisfaction when a few weeks ago it was announced that the London County Council, as the health authority for the Metropolis, intended at last to grapple with this urgent question.

Grave statement

The matter arose on a report from the Mental Hospitals Committee containing the following emphatic declaration: "We are of opinion that it should be made illegal for any mentally defective person under a detention order to marry."

In an explanatory memorandum, the committee pointed out that, as matters now stand, "a mentally deficient woman may legitimately have children, who, there is a grave probability, will themselves be defective, and who, moreover, must remain under the parental authority of a mother who is, by reason of her own defect, the last person to be entrusted with family responsibility."

It will be noted that the committee's demand was of the most moderate kind, all it amounted to being that people next-door to lunacy ought not, in its opinion, to be allowed to marry and reproduce their kind.

Yet, apparently, this temperate statement was too much for the squeamish taste of the majority of the L.C.C.

Before the report of the Mental Hospitals Committee came up for discussion in the full council, the recommendation in question was silently withdrawn!

The facts here set out, almost unbelievable in their naked hideousness, are vouched for by the Board of Control and embodied in its last annual report.

Expensive family

One mentally defective family, known to the Board, has already cost the ratepayers over £6,000, the fount and origin of this expense and trouble being the marriage of a degenerate couple, described by the relieving officer as "filthy in person and home."

The offspring of this ill-starred union numbered twelve! Of these, three were daughters, who grew up and married, thus inviting the attention of the health authorities. Two of the three were mental defectives

Professor Julian Huxley

afterwards certified as such, but not till they had contributed their quota to the birth-rate.

Out of five children born to the first of these sisters two have been certified as mentally defective, one after a police-court conviction for theft; a third child is maintained at the public expense in a tuberculosis colony and another in a Poor Law institution, while the fifth died, mercifully perhaps, in infancy.

To the second sister, a certified mental defective, five children have also been born, all of whom have had to be adopted by the Poor Law guardians. Of these, one, a boy of thirteen, has been sent to a school for mental defectives, while another is in a class for specially backward children.

Meanwhile, the eldest child, a girl of seventeen, has kept up the family tradition by making a premature and unsatisfactory marriage.

Tragic tale

The third sister, said to be "less obviously feeble-minded than the others," has recently married, after having had three illegitimate children by different fathers!

The second family tree traced by the Board originated with a father, described as "not too bright," married to an avowed mental defective, afterwards certified.

To this couple five children were born, four of them being certified as mentally deficient from birth and the fifth so feeble-minded as to require special care in a Poor Law home.

But perhaps the worst case of all has yet to be related. Bad as it is, it is little more than typical of a spreading evil which the London County Council, apparently, is too delicate to discuss.

SENSATIONAL
CHINATOWN REVELATIONS
See "The People" next Sunday

The tragic tale begins, of course, with a marriage which ought at all costs to have been prevented, the husband of "fair mentality" but the wife recognisably feeble-minded, the greater part of her life having been spent in a Poor Law institution.

Awful records

There were four children—the first a daughter, sent by the guardians to a home for mental defectives; the second, another girl, equally deficient and similarly under treatment; a third daughter in the county asylum, a hopeless imbecile; and a son, also an imbecile, formerly in an asylum, where he died.

One further instance, from the public records, may be allowed to complete this appalling catalogue of births which are a crime against humanity.

A few years ago a marriage was solemnised, with Christian rites, between a man totally blind and a woman almost sightless. The offspring of this union were four children, all of them blind, and the last two mentally defective as well.

These are the terrible human stories underlying the stifled recommendation of the L.C.C. Mental Hospitals Committee. Appalling as they are, they merely lift a corner of the curtain which hides the misery of the misborn.

Scientific authorities everywhere are pressing the Government to take definite action with a view to checking this body and soul destroying abuse. Among the latest to voice thus humane demand is Professor Julian Huxley, who says:

"It has been proved that an extremely high proportion of mental deficiency is hereditary. Looking at the problem from the point of view of the future of the race, one can but realise how tremendously important it is that steps should be taken to reduce the numbers of mentally unfit children being born. This it appears to me can only be done by forbidding the marriage of mental defectives and keeping them under some sort of control, or by actual sterilisation."

What other remedy?

Sterilisation is the sort of word that frightens county councils, although, in point of fact, it implies only a very simple surgical operation, entailing no danger and no real hardship to the patient.

It is hard to see what lesser remedy can meet such cases as that of the woman already mentioned who had three times transmitted her tainted heredity before entering the married state.

We cry out in horror if one child is slain through violence or neglect. But a nation that goes on, year after year, breeding imbeciles, moral perverts and degenerates has either a poor sort of conscience, or its mind has not yet grasped the shocking truth.

'FAMILIAR FRIENDS'

ENTER THIS FREE COMPETITION!

At the foot of each advt. below is a riddle. We will give a prize of 21/- for the best answer received in each case (ten in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole competition. RULES: Postcards only. Write clearly name and address, giving Number of advt. against each answer. Forward as many p.c.'s as you like. Choose any of the riddles. Not more than four answers on each p.c. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, Jan. 5.
Address "Familiar Friends," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C 2 (Comp).

"Try them and judge for yourself"

THE HON. BOB

Sarony

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D Also CORK TIPPED at the same price 20 for 1/-

ORIGINAL BOND STREET QUALITY GUARANTEED

No. 1 "What is the difference between Sarony Cigarettes and the tax collector?"

A sound fair fellow is the Bulldog, as typically British as the Spratt's Dog Foods that form his staple dietary. Buy Spratts for the Bulldog, the St. Bernard and the Pekingese! There's a Spratt's food, and a specially prepared food for every age and breed of dogdom. Your dealer knows the one you want. See him to-day.

SPRATT'S
MEAT FIBRINE
DOG FOODS

No. 2. Why are Spratt's Dog Biscuits like the House of Commons

The Black Cat represents the finest 10 for 6d. value in honest Virginia Cigarettes AND handsome Free Gifts.

Smoke these extra large cigarettes, save the coupons and every now and then get some useful or beautiful article you really want—FREE!

No. 5. Of what popular novel do Black Cat Cigarettes remind you?

A Good Friend

A hot plate of Quaker Oats for breakfast gives you strength to face the day's work. Quaker gives most health and strength for least money. The world's finest sun-ripened oats prepared in the world's finest way.

Two kinds: *Quick* Quaker and Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats

Two sizes: 4½d. and 9½d. (Excl. in Irish Free State).

No. 3. Why is Quaker Oats like the sun?

INVITE Mr. LANGHAM, the famous long-distance Traveller, to stay with you this Christmas. He's the World's greatest Entertainer.

Langham Radio
Albion House
NEW OXFORD ST. LONDON W.C.1.

No. 4. Why is Mr. Langham like Christopher Columbus?

THIS sign stands for the best Beef Suet that one can buy—"Atora" is quite an institution now! And it's as good as it's popular! Always keep a packet of "Atora" in the larder. It's so handy for making light nourishing puddings and dumplings and as a creamy improvement in *milk* puddings.

No. 7. Why is the "Atora" (Hugon's Beef Suet) Sign like a Battleship?

"Jimmy Jowett"

The "Little Injun" with the Big Pull.

The Jowett is the car for YOU! Small price, big comfort. Low running costs, high efficiency. Stylish in appearance and surprisingly powerful.

Price from £134 to £170
GET LIST.

JOWETT CARS

Jowett Cars, Ltd., Idle, Bradford.

No. 6. Why is a Jowett car like the B.B.C.?

The Sunripe 'Twins'

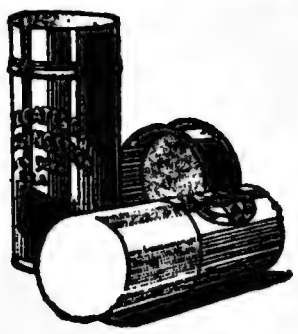
Smoke
SUNRIPE
the 'Quality' Cigarettes

Not a solitary 'sting' in a month's smoking

10 for 6ᵖ 20 for 1/- Also 50's

—try SUNRIPE MIXTURE the 'Out-of-the-Rut' Blend 1/- per oz. It's Beautifully Cool & Nutty.

R & J. HILL, Ltd. The Spinet House London



Quick Work

One rub of the stick, one whisk of the brush—a great mass of foamy lather, heavy rich Colgate lather.

One sweep and the razor cuts clean straight through the roughest beard: clean and smooth and close to the chin, right down where the Colgate lather softens every single hair.

10ᴰ

Shaving Stick - - 10d.
In bright nickel box - 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick 1/3
Handy-Grip refill - 10d.

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK

Softens every single hair

MACHINE-MADE CONVICTS

by CHARLES PILLEY

To send a boy to prison merely because he is short of pocket-money is flagrantly and indefensibly wrong. It adds moral degradation to ruin, and is a bad blot on our boasted British justice

IT is understood that the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., contemplates certain reforms in prison administration. With this end in view, he has recently undertaken a round of visits to the principal jails, in the laudable endeavour to obtain first-hand information regarding the convict system.

There is one way in which, at no cost to the taxpayer—in fact, at a great saving of public money—the task might be enormously simplified, and that is by reducing heavily the number of persons in jail.

If this sounds like a counsel of perfection, it is merely because the facts of the situation are imperfectly understood.

Too easy to get into jail

At the present time there are a vast number of people in prison, housed and fed at the public expense, who ought not to be there at all.

When it comes to reforming the prison system, let us begin at the beginning. The foremost evil is simply this—it is far too easy to get into jail.

In a recent article, JOHN BULL commented upon the fact that persons under twenty-one—mere boys and girls—were being sent to prison simply because they could not find the money to pay trifling fines.

Since then, striking confirmation of this shocking truth has been afforded by Mr. S. N. Roberts, Governor of Armley Jail, Leeds, who, addressing the Sheffield magistrates, has stated that "recently a boy was sent to Armley Jail for not paying a fine for playing football in the streets.

"Another served a term of imprisonment for using obscene language. Twenty Sheffield boys have been sent to prison in four months for failing to pay small fines."

The first move

In a subsequent interview, the governor amplified his statement:

"The Sheffield boys I mentioned were aged about seventeen or eighteen. Two who had been fined 7s. for playing football in the street served five days' imprisonment in default, and they had not been in trouble previously. Another boy, who was fined 12s. for using abusive language, served seven days in default."

Mr. Roberts added: "Boys should be put on probation once, twice, or even three times; and then, if they do wrong again, they should be sent to Borstal."

It is a pity that the Sheffield magistrates should need to be taught their duty by a prison official. How many other Benches up and down the country are manufacturing criminals in the same reckless style?

Here, obviously, should be the Home Secretary's first move. To judge from his published observations the number of persons in his official custody weighs heavily upon the mind of the sensitive "Jix."

Strangely, he seems to pay little or no attention to the fact that many prisons are congested not with criminals, but with debtors, persons whose sole offence is that they have failed to meet their monetary obligations, occasionally, perhaps, through sheer neglect or perversity, but more often with misfortune's sinister aid.

The Home Secretary states that some 54,000 persons are sent to prison every year. Has he pondered the fact that in 1925 there were 11,210

Mr. Charles Pilley

debtor prisoners in England and Wales, apart entirely from fine defaulters like the Sheffield boys, who are really debtors too.

Cases for the doctor

Clearly, the second stage in the right hon. gentleman's reforming effort should be to find some alternative to prison for the Micawbers of modern society.

Another large class of persons who have no right in prison are those whose misconduct is clearly traceable to mental disease or derangement.

Every day in the police-courts people are charged with crimes which are the visible outcome of mental abnormality, yet under the existing system there is no choice but to release them, to the peril of the community, or to send them to consort with common felons in jail.

"The safest place for you is in prison," remarked Alderman Sir John Knill, at the Mansion House, London, in awarding six months' hard labour to a man convicted of cutting off a school-girl's hair in an omnibus.

The safest place, possibly, for the period in question, but not the right place, surely, for one whose offence was only to be explained on the theory of some mad sex-obsession of a kind with which doctors are always dealing.

Instead of curative treatment, which might give them the hope of ultimate recovery, the law seeks only to punish them, and, when their sentences are served, releases them to prey afresh upon a defenceless community.

Amazing thing

Much the same considerations apply to the countless victims of chronic alcoholism who infest local jails and even convict prisons.

Drunkenness cannot be accepted as an excuse for crime, but it is often its sole explanation, and any system of punishment which does not aim at the cure of what is in effect a disease is simply a stupid waste of public money.

Women are the frequent victims of alcoholic demoralisation. The matter was recently dealt with in a report by the Governor of Holloway (Women's) Prison, who wrote:

"At this prison, about 70 per cent. of the women are recidivists (*i.e.*, persons who have been repeatedly convicted) and of these 50 per cent. are for drunkenness. It is an amazing thing to my mind that a country such as ours should continue to send these wretched alcoholics to prison. These women have not committed any criminal offence, and I may say that if some proper method were devised for dealing with this unfortunate class the greater part of this prison could be closed."

To this remarkable testimony the chaplain of Holloway adds his own comment that "the present method of sentencing alcoholics and deficients to brief and repeated terms of imprisonment amounts to a scandal."

I assume that Sir William Joynson-Hicks reads the reports of his own prison officers and of the Prison Commissioners.

If so, he will have noticed the considered opinion of the latter body that "the classification of prisoners in each prison has now been carried as far as is possible within the limits of the establishment; what remains is to classify prisons, and this apart from any change in the law is marked out as the next line of advance."

Thin them out!

In plain terms, there ought to be separate and suitable establishments for chronic inebriates, for the partially insane and for the criminally depraved. And in none but the most exceptional cases should men or women be sent to jail for the mere non-payment of money, certainly not till all other means of coercion, or satisfaction, have failed.

There is ample scope for Sir William's reforming energy. The first step, which need not cost a penny, is to thin out the swollen population of the jails.

"JOHN BULL" XMAS ANNUAL!
Another fine feast to follow the Christmas Pudding!
Price 6d.

Christmas 1927

A NEW idea for Christmas

IF you wish to make someone really happy this Christmas, let your gift be a "Debrett" Top-Lever Pen. Your gift will then possess the subtle charm of being entirely new and different, for the "Debrett" has a patented feature possessed by no other pen in the world. The lever is *on top*.

The action is so simple you can fill the pen with one hand—so sure that you can fill the pen to its fullest capacity (20,000 words) every time. A half-filled pen is now a thing of the past.

Debrett's Top-Lever Pen is the *only* Pen in the world selling at half-a-guinea which has a point of real osmi iridium guaranteed for 25 years. It is all-British.

Give "Debrett" Top-Lever Pens to your friends this Christmas.

Debrett's TOP-LEVER Pen

Prices from 10/6 upwards.

Obtainable from all the best stationers.
Guaranteed British made.

If you should experience any difficulty in obtaining Debrett's Top-Lever Pen, write direct to the Sole Distributors to the Trade: Curwen's, Ltd., 2, South Hunter Street, Liverpool. London Office: 72, New Oxford Street, W.C.2.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Specially packed for Christmas in cases of

2·3 & 6 bottles as well as the usual 12

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

Born 1820—Still going Strong

The Mail Order Market
A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Most wonderful bargain of the year. Made from ALL WOOL Cheviots. These are not semi-made Coats altered to fit you, but EACH ONE is CUT AND MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Delivered on payment of First instalment of 6/- and then pay 6/- monthly until you have paid in all £2 -. Also SUITS from 52 6. and DINNER JACKET SUITS from 24 6s. All made to Measure, and on similar easy terms. Irish and Colonial orders cash only. Before placing your order elsewhere, send for Catalogue, Patterns & Self-measurement Form. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Established 26 years.

J B. THORNE & Co.
36 LANGHAM ST., LONDON, W.1

Make Inexpensive Gifts.

Size 14 ins. wide, 7 ins. high.

WONDERFUL CLOCK BARGAIN

HANDSOME ENGLISH MADE, inlaid case, mahogany polished, with reliable 30-hour lever movement and silvered dial. The shop price of this high-grade bracket clock is 21/-. Our price direct to you is 10/6 carr. paid. Every one is sold under the conditions of the John Bull Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back. Dispatched by return. Send Now!

Each 10/6 Carr. Paid.

POSTAL SUPPLY CO. (Dept. X.5). 25, Devonshire Street, London, W.C.1

5.17.6

Carriage Paid U.K.
or £1 down and 11 monthly payments of 9/11.

Model 7a. Upright Grand 40 ins. high, beautifully Mahogany finished as illustrated (but not inlaid). Complete with DOUBLE SPRING 3 record British "Collaro" Motor. Fullotone Junior Sound Box and New Metal Sound Chamber. Full fine tone and enormous volume. Send NOW for Free List or call.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO. Dept. J.B.20. 72, Camden Rd., London, N.W.1. Also 149, High St., N., East Ham, 41, George St., Croydon, and 681, High Rd., Tottenham.

Worth 11 Gns.

FULLOTONE

Amazing Offer of Guinea WRIST WATCHES

Half-Price EACH 10/- POST FREE

The famous "RIO" is noted for reliability and is made like a watch costing several times the price. High-grade 7-plate movement, pivots and jewels burnished, solid heavy nickel case, dust and damp proof. Fitted with wide leather straps. Every one timed and tested. Specially recommended for hard wear. With Luminous Dial 1/- extra. Sold under conditions of "John Bull" Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back. Send now

POSTAL SUPPLY CO. (Dept. X5) 25, Devonshire St., London, W.C.1

Cover your FLOORS at sensational low cost!

81 SQ FEET 15/-

Handsome, damp-proof, hard-wearing. Great choice of patterns. All rolls 2 yards wide. Value positively will delight you. Great selection of Lino, Inlaids, etc. Catalogue including other useful household goods sent free. Money returned if not delighted

ROLLS STORES, 86, Gray's Inn Rd. London, W.C.1.

AN ANGEL'S XMAS BOX

by MAJOR T. H. HAGUE (*Secretary-General, National Union of Limbless ex-Service Men*)

THE best deeds of our lives are not necessarily those upon which we bestow a large amount of reason and thought. The little acts of kindness that arise from the spontaneous promptings of a heart in sympathy with human needs oft-times yields a bliss that angels might desire

TWO things arrived at my office at precisely the same moment the other morning. One was myself feeling thoroughly weary and depressed, and the other was a neat little parcel, with my address carefully printed in bold characters on a very large label.

The top letter on a pile awaiting my attention was from one of England's heroes whose heart seemed as likely to be broken in days of peace as his body had been in the trenches. A severe amputation made him almost helpless; years of continual struggling to make ends meet had almost crushed him.

Worst of all, there was nearly £3 due for rent, for the money had been spent on a sick child. There would be no Christmas in that little two-roomed home—even Santa Claus was not calling there.

It is a familiar story, all the more tragic by being forced from the lips of one who has already suffered so much. The gloom around me seemed to deepen.

So I thought I would open the parcel; perhaps somebody had sent me a Christmas-box!

A touching letter

It was easier said than done, for that parcel contained a number of coins—half-pennies, pennies, a very battered "threepenny bit," three sixpences and a shiny new shilling, each being carefully wrapped in tissue paper, four shillings and seven pence all told.

Enclosed was a note written on pencilled lines in the large, round handwriting of a child:

"Mummy says perhaps you know some little girl whose daddy will not be able to buy a new dolly for Christmas so will you buy one with my money-box and tell her it is from Bertha"—just that, and nothing more. Not one word more could have been crammed on that large sheet of notepaper in any case.

I glanced at the first letter I had read, and something told me Santa Claus had replaced a humble address on his list.

I think God must have passed by at that moment and switched on the electric light, for that little pile of coins seemed to sparkle in anticipation.

All get to work

Then I ran into a difficulty. I am a bachelor, and buying dolls is not one of my strong points, but a moment later a mother who knows all there is to be known about dolls called to see me and I promptly commissioned her to go forth with the "money-box" and return with a doll.

She returned full of joy, for she had been very lucky, so she said, in getting a beautiful doll for the "money-box." (It wasn't till some time later I found the cryptic figures "1/1/0" marked on the bottom of the box, and she won't own up.)

A friend she had met sent a box of dollies' furniture, "to be delivered in a plain van," so that no one should know where it came from.

Then I remembered a wireless set I never used, and one of my colleagues produced some ear-phones and a reel of wire from somewhere.

At that moment a visitor called and, when he heard what we were doing, swore he always gave away a few hampers at Christmas; could I wait a few minutes while he popped across the road and bought one?

The next problem was how to get the things there, so I 'phoned a friend, told him the story, and asked him if he would run me down there in his car. He couldn't come himself, but sent his chauffeur, who handed me a note containing five new crisp pound notes "to clear up the rent and help towards a Merry Christmas."

And so I set out bearing a message

Major T. H. Hague

which had given joy to seven people, and which was to bring happiness into four more hearts.

We had that wireless fixed up in no time, and when I left there were tears of joy in the eyes of that mother as I laughingly gave her secret instructions for Christmas Eve.

"I never dared to think we should have such a Happy Christmas," she said; but she had reckoned without little Bertha.

* * *

In the Lesson for Christmas morning are these words, "And a little child shall lead them."

The Sentence of the Court

THE SILENCE OF STEEL-MAITLAND

Sweating Made Easy

WEARING the horrified expression of a Perfect Gentleman accused of stealing the brolly of another perfect gentleman, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Minister of Labour, pleaded "Not guilty" of encouraging sweating.

"This charge is the outcome of a case at Clerkenwell County Court, in which a North London manufacturer of ladies' garments was sued by a girl employee," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "The evidence showed that the girl was paid 30s. a week, and out of this had to buy her own needles and cotton, and bear the cost of any alterations to the garments she made.

"It is not surprising that the Registrar described this as 'a glaring instance of the worst type of sweated labour,' and expressed the opinion that 'if this is what the tailoring trade is like, the sooner there is some enquiry into what they are doing the better.'

"Ordinary decent citizens are under the impression that the setting up of the Trade Boards in 1906 meant an end to sweating. But Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' still has a painfully topical interest, and for this the accused is largely to blame.

"To rely on the non-existent sense of decency of the sweater is as reasonable as it would be to appeal to the finer feelings of a hungry tiger. The only way these human beasts of prey can be held in check is by fear of the law.

"The accused, however, has been at pains to still any such fears, by treating the Trade Boards Act as if it were a dead letter.

"Last year, only 8 per cent. of the factories and firms scheduled under the Act were inspected. At this rate, it would take thirteen years for inspectors to pay one visit to each factory."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client was pained to learn of such shocking conditions in the tailoring trade. The Trade Boards inspectors did their best, but there were only sixty of them to deal with about 120,000 employers. It was easy to urge that the staff should be augmented; but the Government was already criticised for employing too many nosy-parkers, and the demands of economy were paramount.

* * *

"When I hear of the prisoner's feelings being harrowed," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I am reminded of the millionaire whose peace of mind was disturbed by a poor wretch who talked of a dying wife and starving children. With tears streaming down his cheeks, the rich man turned to his butler: 'Throw this blighter out,' he cried; 'he is breaking my heart!'

"Being similarly determined that hit heart shall not be broken and that as least one Member of the Government shall enjoy 'Peace in our time,' the prisoner adopts the simple method of making it impossible for distressing details to be brought under his notice.

"A system under which an unscrupulous employer can sweat his workpeople for thirteen years before being discovered is not a system of inspectorship, but one of censorship in the interests of sweaters.

"Past complaints have been levelled not at necessary inspectors, but at glaringly unnecessary ones. This case, indeed, lends point to the criticism that the bureaucracy is so busy spying through keyholes to see whether somebody is eating a sausage in prohibited hours that serious crimes go undetected.

In this way, too, Trade Boards can be rendered utterly ineffective by a trade-bored Minister.

"With a view to putting this Minister for Hard Labour on bowing terms with sweating, I decree that his salary shall be reduced to 30s. a week. Out of this he must provide his own red-tape and sealing wax and pay the rent of the funk-hole to which he will doubtless wish to retire when the story of his neglect becomes more widely known."

Wor s W·nged to W·men

THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD

by MABEL HORNER

"IF dreams can extract heroic fame and noble renown out of so dirty and damnable a farce as war, what can they do when they are allowed to transmute and transfigure the good stuff of life?"—James Douglas

THEY say that one clear night two thousand years ago there hung in the eastern sky a bright star of hope. Simple men, watching their flocks in the fields, saw the star and raised a glad song of hope. They knew, by some strange instinct, that if the star was rightly interpreted, it meant PEACE.

Wise men, weary with the dusty travel of the desert, saw the star and followed in the direction its beams seemed to lead. They knew that no palace nor great council of State lay at the end of their journey. They brought gifts, for they knew by some strange instinct, that the end of the journey led to a WOMAN.

They found her, a young mother, nursing and dreaming over the face of her newly born baby. The world still remembers this young mother. No face in all the world has been pictured so often as her face.

I am a great collector of pictures. They do not cost me much, at most a few pence, often nothing at all. For many, often the best, are cut out of newspapers. But they are all beautiful, gentle and lovely things of life, and many of them are of this mother of Bethlehem.

And this is what I like about them. Wherever that mother is pictured, in stained glass, in marble sculpture or on canvas, the artist has given her the face and form of women of his own race.

Different roads

In Italian pictures the mother's face is Italian, in French pictures she is French; British artists picture her as British, and in one that specially stirs the heart-strings she is shown as a factory lass with the Child warmly cradled in her shawl.

There is meaning in all this. There is deep significance in the fact that the first Christmas mother is shown as a woman without her home. For it is her motherhood, not her surroundings, that matter. It is her love and her tenderness, and, above all, her dreams for her child.

If we have been too busy and engrossed in other things to remember this, let us get back to the truth this Christmas. Let us remember that for every little child the world is born anew. It stands with wondering eyes and straining energies, and feet all eager to go. Where?

His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

There are roads and roads. Some lead down into hell's very depths of ugliness and suffering, and others wind upwards to wonderful possibilities of achievement and happiness.

And it is not Governments but mothers who can decide which road their babes shall take. Mothers did not always know this, or if they dreamed they did not dare to believe it. There were thousands upon thousands of women in 1914 who talked of glory when they should have talked of peace.

"Dreams," as James Douglas has pointed out, "can make war so idiotically romantic." But war has been stripped of romance—for those who remember. It has been shown for the stark, insane horror it is.

"If you are to stop wars," says Lady Astor, M.P., "women must stop them. Men have got too much rubbish in their minds about patriotism and war and that sort of thing, and they may on that account bring about the ruin of the world." Other voices are raised in similar strains. It is the new song of hope.

The Duchess of Hamilton the other day, in a beautiful speech, insisted that motherhood should include not only the physical act of bringing a child into the world, but the loving care of all creation.

Hands that can save the world

Finally, a higher voice. When the Pope was asked if he believed in votes for women he replied that the vote was not a right, but a duty, that women should enter every aspect of government, but "*unless they worked wholeheartedly for peace they would not be worthy of the vote.*"

In the near future the woman voting-strength of this and other countries will be enormously increased. The united strength of the world's women voting for peace would be irresistible.

Mothers, and potential mothers, what will you do?

If you are in any doubt look upon the face of the most beautiful little child you know, such a one as you are or may one day be the mother of. Dream of that little face as you would like it to be, then dream of what war can do to it, and you will doubt no longer.

You have gone down to the very gates of death to bring about the greatest miracle in the world. You have dared hell itself to create life.

Will you allow some men to destroy that life? It is in your hands, hands that can, if they will, save the world.

Hands and hearts together, all over the world, Mothers. Make the Christmas dream come true.

THE KETTLE AND THE CRICKET

Dickens and Danger

IF you know that Christmas story, "The Cricket on the Hearth," then you know the Song of the Kettle. How it sang! There appeared to be a sort of match, or trial of skill, between the kettle and the cricket.

But "the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth.

"It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle."

How many housewives since Dickens' day have been aggravated by kettle lids and kettle obstinacy! For kettles can be very obstinate and also they can be really dangerous.

Unrelieved tragedy

One woman last Christmas was in proud possession of a plated kettle that boiled on the table over a spirit-lamp. With a party of friends round the table she was filling up the teapot, when the kettle caught in a string of beads and tilted the whole of its boiling, hissing contents in her lap.

In the hurry and confusion caused by this terrible happening, guests were too busy attending to the sufferer to remember the spirit-lamp.

Leaping flames and the smell of burning brought them back to the danger, but not before a considerable amount of damage was caused. But the lady was not a registered reader of JOHN BULL and so could not claim compensation.

More happily placed was Mrs. M. Granger, of 15, Rosslyn Crescent, Bentley, who also possessed a kettle that boiled on the table, by electricity. Early one morning she detected a smell of burning, and on running downstairs she discovered the cause. Her eldest son, a miner on night shift, had returned home and switched on the kettle.

Tired out, he had fallen asleep while waiting for the water, the kettle had boiled dry, and the heat continuing had set fire to the cloth and table-top.

Carefree Christmas

Serious loss was prevented by Mrs. Granger's swift arrival, but being a registered reader she made her claim and had the housewife's satisfaction of seeing damaged goods replaced.

Clothes airing near a gas-ring caused loss by fire to another reader, Mrs. M. J. Harrison, of 5, Crabtree Terrace, Pocklington, York. She says: "I am thankful that I registered or I should not have been able to replace the things, through lack of employment."

It is a very simple step. Take it, and your Christmas kettle will, again in the words of Dickens, "troll its song" with all the more "strong energy of cheerfulness" because of the protection JOHN BULL affords.

All you have to do is to sign the registration forms on page 2. Do it now and have a carefree Christmas.

£5 for a Postcard

Write on a postcard the name and address of a Window Display competing in JOHN BULL'S Great National Window Display Competition which attracts you most and a short description of it. Send the postcard, with your own name and address, to JOHN BULL, "Stars" Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A Prize of £5 will be awarded weekly for the best description sent in. All windows competing show the JOHN BULL "Star." The £5 this week is won by Mr. A. McIntosh, 83, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh. Article displayed, "Kraft Cheese."

The Mail Order Market
A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES of LOVELY PATTERNS
8½ SQ. FT. for 15/-
—the cheapest and best floor covering in the world—in rolls 2 yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned. Suitable for every kind of floor from wood to stone. Write for coloured plate.
ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM
J. LLOYD'S, ARTOLEUM HOUSE, 82, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.

FREEMANS
Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT
Boots, Coats and Ladies Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

from 1/3 A WEEK SEND NO MONEY
WRITE NOW for FREE ART LIST. 10 Lovely Models at LOW PRICES as a choice. Have a handsome Pedestal of wonderful tone on 7 days Free Trial in your own home. Liberal Packing, Prompt Delivery, Carriage Paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Our reduced Price List is the wonder of the trade. Your chance has come. WRITE NOW.
Dept. 10 SMITHS
Geo. Smith, Clapham Junc.), Ltd., LONDON, S.W.11
FREE GIFT of RECORDS

earn money at home like this
working for us with an IMPERIA KNITTER. No experience is necessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates or you can sell to private customers and start a business of your own. Knit anything from costumes to socks. Write now for Free Illustrated Book and our Work Buying Guarantee. IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1
Mrs. F. earned nearly £4 a week working for us at home in her SPARE TIME making socks, stockings, etc.

SEND NOW
A Useful FREE GIFT FOR WORKING MEN
All Goods Carr. Paid
To Introduce our Extraordinary Value in
HARD-WEARING CLOTHES
Trousers, Suits, Overcoats, Breeches, Shirts, Boots, Overalls, etc., to every new customer. First sending for our Wonderful Money-saving Illustrated Price List, we offer to include a generous and useful FREE GIFT. This offer applies to the smallest purchase. You can't afford to miss this opportunity, so just write on a p.c.: "Price List please," post now, and our Gift Offer will reach you by return. Mention "John Bull."
UNIFORM CLOTHING & EQUIPMENT CO., 8, Clerkenwell Green, LONDON, E.C.1.

"A PILL FIRST"

Before the last meal—one of Dr. Grey's Silver Liver Pills, to stimulate the liver, disinfect the stomach, clear the blood of impurities, and tone up the whole system. They never lose their effect, giving relief from **Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Depression, Constipation, Anæmia, General Lassitude and Languor.** They keep the eye bright, the skin clear, and produce the youthful appearance that comes from perfect health.

EVERY PILL A POLICY FOR HEALTH

Dr. Grey's Silver Liver Pills are made from the prescription of a London specialist, and are the result of years of research in complaints of the liver and stomach. As they are of purely vegetable origin they may be taken by children and adults alike, *one before the last meal.*

Price 1/3 and 3/-

Obtainable from Boots, The Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White Co., Ltd., and all other Chemists.

Dr. Grey's SILVER LIVER PILLS

Dr. Grey's Silver Pill Co., Ltd., 3, Orchard Street, London, W. 1.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF DR. WHITE'S

KOMPO FOR COLDS

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.

ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPERS

BEST & PUREST

Human Documents

Smiling in Agony

Crazy Sympathy—Improper Dunning—Scurrilous Slander

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"EIGHT years ago I was stricken with cancer. I spent nine months in hospital, and after undergoing a terrible operation I was given to understand that I could not expect to live much more than another couple of years.

"After returning home I found myself faced with all sorts of trouble. My eldest boy, who was so promising, got into a moneylender's hands, and, without consulting me, threw up his work and disappeared, so that I have since had no help from him.

"I have suffered from want of food and firing many times, but I have kept cheerful through it all, helped by my two daughters, who are really good angels to me.

"I was congratulating myself upon having proved the opinion of the doctors mistaken regarding the time I had left to live, when early this year I was taken very ill and another cancer was diagnosed.

"This wiped the smile from my face for a while, for I had the task of nursing my dear mother and my only brother through the same terrible complaint, and I know what fearful agony there is to face.

"It was a hard struggle to resign myself to the inevitable, but I determined to go smiling through it, and I have succeeded so well that I have been able to do the housework and cooking, resting at intervals, the girls giving up their half-day to do the washing.

"This last month I have managed to get out occasionally to do a little shopping, and this is where I am being cruelly hurt.

"My landlady happened to tell neighbours at Easter that I was not long for this world, and now when they see me out shopping with a smile on my face they cut me dead and mutter 'Hypocrite!' as they pass.

"Is trying to face life bravely and keeping cheerful in spite of the agony I suffer being a hypocrite? If I stayed in bed and moaned I might have plenty of sympathy, but because I try to smother the pain and smile I seem to be left without friends."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is very distressing to be treated so callously by your neighbours, but you need not grieve over the loss of the friendship of such people. You are greatly blessed in having ministering angels in your daughters, and I think you may be assured that your example of cheerful fortitude in suffering is proving helpful to many others who are afflicted, though they may not be demonstrative in their sympathy. It is a very great achievement to be able to set such an example.*

• • •

"A GIRL friend of mine is the victim of one of the most dastardly assaults imaginable. She was lying ill in bed and the son of the house, instead of giving her her medicine at the prescribed hour, administered a drug and took advantage of her while she was helpless under its influence, with the result that she now has to face the shame of unmarried motherhood.

Sympathy & Discretion

"This girl is one of the most great-hearted creatures, for, knowing the cad who assaulted her to be the idol of his widowed mother, she has refrained from telling her for fear of breaking her heart.

"She is afraid that if she returns home and confesses her condition to her own mother, a rather narrow-minded woman, she may find herself turned away.

"I am so anxious to help this girl in her distress that I have thought of marrying her so that her child would not be born without a name.

"The marriage would have to be a purely formal matter, and would have to be followed by divorce as soon as convenient, for I am engaged to another girl whom I hope to marry within the next few years.

"Will you please give me information as to how such a marriage and divorce could be arranged? I have tried hard to think of some other way, but this seems to be the only means by which I can show practical sympathy."

"HUMANIST" says: *You are allowing your sympathy to run away with your common-sense. You would be crazy to marry a girl, even with such motives, while you love and are loved by another whom you hope eventually to make your wife. In the circumstances, the girl appears to be wholly blameless, and it is almost incredible that her mother would deny her sympathy and assistance. If she should be turned adrift, however, the organisation to which I am referring you will give her all possible help.*

• • •

"I AM a farm-servant's wife and lately have had many worries. We have had a lot of illness in our home these last few years, and on account of that I got into debt.

Dunning by Deception

"My husband and myself are doing our best to get straight by paying a little each month off old accounts, as not for anything would we leave them unpaid, but you can understand we cannot pay much at a time as our income is only £5 10s. a month, and we have four children between six and ten years of age.

"After paying for boots and clothes and the plainest of food there is not much left.

"An account of over £8, including solicitors' expenses, was sent to us last week, and I find the utmost I can do is to offer to pay it at the rate of 6s. a month.

"Please let me know if the solicitors should be content with my offer. They threaten to issue a summons. If they sold up everything in our home it would not be enough to pay the account, for we have nothing left but bare necessities.

"The solicitors into whose hands the account has been placed call themselves a 'Trade Protection Agency.'"

"HUMANIST" says: *In view of your small income the offer you have made appears to be reasonable. I cannot help feeling, however, that you are being deceived into supposing that the debt-collecting agency you mention are solicitors. Debt collectors have no right to claim expenses from the debtor, and it is most improper for them to misrepresent themselves as solicitors. I suggest that you should make your offer direct to the person to whom you owe the money.*

• • •

A Last Chance

1927 is at its last gasp. Do not lose this final opportunity of doing good and winning a blessing on the old year's record by subscribing to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See p. 34.)

"IN our village we have a cantankerous old individual who apparently does not consider it beneath the dignity of one who calls himself a gentleman to send cowardly communications through the post to our dear old parson, a much-loved and utterly inoffensive old man over eighty years of age.

Cowardly Conduct

"During the last six months the individual has sent nearly forty abusive letters to the parson, all containing accusations of a most offensive nature, alleging that he is not a fit and proper person to administer the sacraments, that it would be desirable for him to endeavour to inculcate the principles of temperance in his family, that members of his family have been compelled to enter the bonds of matrimony as a regrettable necessity, that his daughter is an undesirable character to have teaching in the Sunday-school, etc.

"Is there anything we can do to put a stop to this torrent of scurrilous abuse?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It might be possible to institute proceedings for criminal libel, but I think perhaps your parson would be better advised to treat such abuse with contempt. He will no doubt recollect two sayings of the Master Whose livery he wears: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you" and "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."*

• • •

Deserted in Sickness

"My husband has deserted me, leaving me to fend for myself and seven children. I know where he is, but being bedridden I am unable to attend court to apply for a maintenance order and we are practically without food. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Write to the Clerk to the Guardians explaining your difficulty and giving him your husband's address. He will, no doubt, be able to arrange for you to receive temporary relief and compel your husband to carry out his obligations.*

Painful Pawning

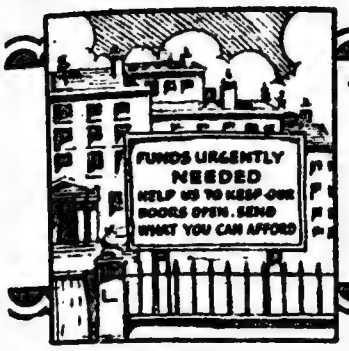
"I am a young man, just twenty-one, living with my parents. Things have become very painful at home lately owing to my mother pawning everything she can get hold of for drink, even to my Sunday clothes. I am told I can prosecute my mother for illegal pawning. Would you advise me to do so?"

"Humanist" says: *It is a very sad state of affairs, but you should be able to overcome the difficulty without the unpleasantness of dragging your own mother into the police-court. Surely, you can buy a box with a strong lock, or mark your clothes with your name and warn the local pawnbroker not to accept them as pledges.*

A Depraved Mother

"Some years ago I was compelled to leave my mother owing to her irregular mode of life. I have since married and am happy with my husband, but I am concerned about my little sister who is now nearly fourteen and is still living with my mother. How can I get her away before she is contaminated by the life my mother leads?"

"Humanist" says: *If you have reason to fear that your little sister is in moral danger owing to your mother's mode of life, you should at once communicate with the N.S.P.C.C., which will rescue her from the danger of association with such sad depravity.*



THE HELPING HAND

Charitable appeals worthy of every "John Bull" readers' support.

REMEMBER !

The MENTALLY DISABLED and NEURASTHENIC EX-SERVICE MEN

Wonderful work is being done by the EX-SERVICES WELFARE SOCIETY, which deals exclusively with mentally disabled and neurasthenic Ex-Service Men, whose disability, though not apparent to the human eye, deserves the same consideration as those who are physically afflicted.

WON'T YOU HELP?

The Society maintains the Sir Frederick Milner Homes at Beckenham, Kent, and Leatherhead, Surrey, where men are given care and treatment. Relief and assistance given to thousands of neurasthenic Ex-Service Men and their families, who are in poverty but do not need in-patient treatment.

Remember there are 6,000 Ex-Service Men in Asylums and 30,000 suffering through Neurasthenia

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO

The Right Hon. Sir FREDERICK MILNER, Bart., P.C.,
President
Ex-Services Welfare Society
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916).
YORK MANSIONS,
94 (V), Petty France, Westminster, S.W.1

S.O.S.

Captain Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E.,
Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind
(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920),
sends the following personal Christmas Message to all with Eyesight :

Twenty Seven Years without Sight have weakened my Writing but Strengthened my knowledge. And I know that if only these few words of mine can reach your hearts the Blind will get the help they so urgently need this Christmas. I beg you to send me a Donation

R B B Towse

ADDRESS:
Capt. Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., K.C.V.O., C.B.E., 226, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.

Don't Forget the Bairns at Christmas-tide

Mr. PHILIP INMAN

begs you to send a Christmas Gift to

"SUNSHINE WARD"

Please send whatever you can afford to—

Philip Inman,
"Sunshine Ward,"
Charing Cross Hospital,
LONDON, W.C.2.

"The Helping Hand"

finds true expression through the many agencies of

THE

SALVATION ARMY

familiarly known as

"THE ARMY OF THE HELPING HAND."

THREE FACTS
concerning last year's work:

9,938,894 BEDS supplied;
15,623,467 MEALS supplied;
360,988 MEN given WORK.

Please help succour

DESTITUTE, COLD and HUNGRY MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

by sending a Christmas Gift NOW to:

GENERAL BOOTH,
101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

3 ways in which you can help to ensure a Happy Xmas and a fresh start in the New Year for disabled, unemployed and distressed ex-Service Men.

1 Send a donation a cheque or a few shillings spared from your Christmas shopping—to Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund.

2 Join the Great War Remembrance League, particulars of which will be sent on request.

3 Send some discarded clothing—men's, women's or children's—for the use of some ex-Service man, his dependents, widow or orphans.

Send now to Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary

EARL HAIG'S

BRITISH LEGION

APPEAL FUND

Dept. 37, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

RH

1,180,000 SIXPENCES

=590,000 SHILLINGS

=29,500 POUNDS!

That would be the magnificent help to St. Dunstan's work for our war-blinded men if every reader of "John Bull" sent only sixpence.

These men were blinded, and in many cases terribly wounded also, in fighting for you and your homes. St. Dunstan's is making their lives happy and useful again. Is it too much to ask you to send one 6d. (or as many more as you can spare) this Christmastide to keep these heroes happy?

Send to-day, before you forget, to "Sixpenny Fund," St. Dunstan's Headquarters, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

St. Dunstan's is registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920, and its cost of administration is only 6.1 per cent.

From TEARS *to* SMILES

To work for the happiness and general welfare of every neglected and ill-treated child, in short, to change tears into smiles, is a great humane work to which the N.S.P.C.C. alone is wholly devoted.

Its AIM is to change indifference or viciousness to interest and protection. Its NEED is the support of every sympathetic man and woman.

Help is most earnestly asked. Please send a Christmas Gift to

The N.S.P.C.C.

Write to William J. Elliott, Director, THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

MOST LIBERAL ODDS

FOOTBALL

COMBINED WITH SECURITY

LISTS ON APPLICATION.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

DAILY S.P. LETTER BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

No Limit on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators.

Books Open.

LINCOLN & NATIONAL

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

NO WAY BARRED.

WRITE TO-DAY — DON'T DELAY.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE

AND

ALFRED H MAURICE, Ltd.

25, NORTH ALBION ST., GLASGOW.

LETTER COMMISSIONS ACCEPTED FROM 1/- UP TO ANY AMOUNT IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR RULES.

NO LIMIT AND WINNINGS BY RETURN.

BEST PRICES ON FUTURES—

LINCOLNSHIRE — GRAND NATIONAL

FOOTBALL

128 Teams.

PICK WHERE YOU LIKE!

Send for full particulars CUP-TIE LIST and CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPONS.

20/- in the £ ALWAYS.

CHRISTMAS WEEK WINNERS

Winnall and May-Eve a Likely Double—Dudley's Sixty Races—The Ayot-Faiza Mix-up—100 to 1 Outsiders

PLUM puddings, turkeys and treats for the kiddies will monopolise all our spare time—and most of our spare cash—this week-end, so perhaps it is just as well that there is not much racing.

THE two-day meeting at Sandown Park offers one or two opportunities to pay some of the bills. If Killia goes for the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race, he should be returned an easy winner as he scored with a stone in hand at Newbury. In the absence of Harrison's smart young hurdler, 2. L.O. may prove a good substitute.

WINNALL crops up in the Sandown 'Chase and although he is asked to give over two stone to more than half the acceptors, I expect to see him score. He is one of the fastest young 'chasers in training and a course specialist. His last victory at Sandown was in the Grand International 'Chase in April. Carrying 12 st. 7 lbs., he beat Herbert's Choice, 10 st. 10 lb., by six lengths, with Estuna, the Scottish Grand National winner, a bad third.

MY first code selection over the jumps sent out this season was Oliver's Mount. The gelding took the Burton Hurdle Handicap—a long-distance race—at Birmingham. I made a particular note of May-Eve in this event. The mare did not have much luck in running, but finished sixth in the field of twenty.

SINCE then she has missed a tempting engagement at Nottingham, but I understand that she goes for the December Hurdle Handicap on Thursday, and is expected to present Smyth's Epsom stable with a nice little Christmas box.

OLD DUDLEY is a wonderful gelding. In spite of his thirteen years, after clearing the last fence, he literally sprinted away from the opposition to land the odds in the Ruddington 'Chase at Nottingham, much to the discomfiture of the pencillers, who had offered odds against in running.

Lord Londesborough, the owner of Dudley

THE gelded son of Rhosmarket is owned by Lord Londesborough, but one more often associates him with Mr. Harry A. Brown, as they have been partners in so many victories.

DUDLEY commenced his racing career as a six-year-old, and as a novice won a maiden 'chase in Ireland during his first season. Since 1920 he has taken part in sixty cross-country events—and has been successful in thirty-nine of them. I do not think there are many horses with such a good record.

IN his prime, and with Mr. Brown in the saddle, he ran unbeaten in fifteen consecutive races, registering successes in every branch of the winter sport—over fences, hurdles and National Hunt flat races. His exploits under Jockey Club rules have been few and far between, but in 1925 he ran first and second, with Tommy Weston up.

CARFAX is a useful three-mile 'chaser who came into the limelight recently by defeating Thrown In at Windsor. Not much is known of the gelding, probably because he has been running at minor hunt meetings, but he has won ten of thirteen events. He stays for ever and can jump any country.

THE Ayot-Faiza confused identity tangle ended in the only way possible, with the disqualification of the four-year-old Ayot (who ran in error as the three-year-old Faiza) from her victories at Carlisle, Bogside and Ripon, and places at Ayr and Stockton.

I CODED "Faiza" on several occasions as I had heard that she was one of the most improved three-year-olds in training! However, bets are not affected, and to save correspondence from readers who think they can draw over Mocking Bird, Grey Squirrel and Lilyon, whose owners take stakes for the Carlisle, Bogside and Ripon races, I quote Rule 5 of Tatt's Committee's Rules on Betting:

IF no notification is made to a Steward, the Secretaries, Stakeholders or Agents of the Jockey Club, the Clerk of the Course or the Clerk of the Scales within seven days exclusive of the day on which the race was run or if no action is taken by the Stewards themselves within that period in consequence of which a disqualification takes place, bets go to the horse placed first by the Judge, and the settling, except in cases of fraud, shall not be disturbed. If such notification is made or action taken by the Stewards within the said time in consequence of which a disqualification takes place, bets go with the stakes. For the purpose of this rule Sunday is a *dies non*.

IT has been suggested in one or two quarters that the installation of cameras would end disputes over "judging" of races. It is just as well to bear in mind that in Belgium, where the camera is ready to be called in as witness when necessary, there are far more disputes over results than in any other country in the world and the public do not always accept the camera as conclusive.

IN view of the attempts being made to raise Hermit II. to the position of winter favourite for the Derby, it may be of interest to learn that the owner thinks that the two-year-old form of his colt was not good enough to justify the estimate of the handicapper, and no one connected with the stable would take a price about the colt now.

WITH four of the eleven runners in the Juvenile Hurdle Race at Gatwick at 50 to 1 and No Humbug on the 100 to 1 mark, the layers gave us a foretaste of "Tote" prices for the extreme outsiders. Toreador and King's Solomon were all the rage, but, as so many races are two-horse affairs, I asked the starting-price compiler if there were any other reason for this outburst of generosity.

HE did not suggest that long odds are likely to become general. In this particular race the pencillers were tired of laying Toreador and King Solomon. They had a fair amount of money for the winner, Borjom at 10 to 1, but 25 to 1 "bar" three attracted practically nothing into the books. No Humbug, the 100 to 1 shot was an odds-on winner last time out and ran sufficiently well to suggest that he will score again in the near future.

DURING the summer months "Hot Dogs to Follow" was a feature on this page. The notes were compiled by an equally hot greyhound expert on the staff of *The Sporting Life*, and, unfortunately, I am suffering for his successes and sins. Lately JOHN BULL readers have flooded me with queries about shares in the various companies.

"DO I advise buying or selling So-and-so's." "How do G.R.A. Trust ordinary stand?" "What is the price of West Ham Deferred?" etc., etc. I know very little about the dogs or the markets, but my friend on *The Life* tells me that the prices of all the principal greyhound shares appear daily in *The Sporting Life*.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

W T P X F E C B H O I R 2 Y

3 Z V L Q K S M U A G N D J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. KOCZKNUKNA would read EASTER HERO.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 21, to Tuesday, December 27.

Your luck wil. be in if you first read "THE Sporting Life" Daily 2d.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Manchester C., Preston, Swansea, Doncaster, Plymouth, Falkirk.

5 HOME.—Liverpool, Notts Forest, Accrington, Doncaster, Plymouth.

4 HOME.—Aston Villa, Preston, Notts Forest, Glasgow Rangers.

3 AWAY. — Huddersfield, Northampton, Motherwell.

3 DRAWS.—Barnsley v. Chelsea, Watford v. Brentford, Kilmarnock v. Hearts.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Preston, Doncaster, Plymouth, Northampton, Motherwell.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Falkirk, Motherwell, Bury v. Blackburn.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. and II.)—Sheffield U., Manchester C., Notts Forest, Preston, Swansea.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 31

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Bolton, Burnley, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle, West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Everton, Sunderland.

DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Tottenham, Middlesbrough v. Manchester U.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol C., Chelsea, Hull C., Leeds, Manchester C., Notts Forest, Preston, Stoke, Swansea, West Bromwich.

DRAW.—Clapton v. Grimsby.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford C., Halifax, Hartlepools, Rochdale, Rotherham, Southport, Wrexham.

AWAY WINNER.—Darlington.

DRAWS.—Durham v. Bradford, Lincoln v. Doncaster.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Crystal Palace, Exeter, Gillingham, Luton, Newport, Swindon, Walsall.

AWAY WINNER.—Plymouth.

DRAWS.—Brentford v. Brighton, Millwall v. Northampton.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Hearts Motherwell, Partick, St. Mirren.

DRAW.—St. Johnstone v. Glasgow Rangers.

Our Letter Parliament

Killed by a Subsidy!

Too Old at Fifty-five!—What Blocks Reform—Foreign Seamen

IT is a shock to learn from Mr. A. G. Gardiner (JOHN BULL, December 10) that foreign capital in the beet-sugar industry is paid a subsidy by the British taxpayer. And now I read that an additional sum of £900,000 is required for the payment of the subsidy in the current financial year. This brings it to £341,610 above the coal subsidy. Parliament stopped the coal subsidy, it should also stop the beet-sugar subsidy.—*E. P., Barnsley.*

Weak Geography

The wife of a local M.P., speaking at a meeting, urged us to use only Empire ingredients in our Christmas puddings. She was amazed to discover on one occasion a grocer who thought California was within the Empire. The shopkeeper was weak in geography, but strong in the commercial instinct. With wasteful Government extravagance resulting in high taxation, most shoppers are obliged to seek the cheapest markets.—*J. S., Brighton.*

No Extras

The appointment card of an employee in a sugar-beet factory in Scotland contains the following condition: "Wages £2 18s. per week per day of twelve hours, but nothing extra will be paid for overtime or Sunday work." If the Government wish to smash old industries and subsidise new ones, let them be industries in which the common decencies of humanity shall be recognised.—*Clyde, Scotland.*

Can't be Done

How can unassisted sugar refiners possibly compete with those subsidised? The answer is that they cannot. Now refineries are closing down, throwing thousands on the "dole," and the industry is being threatened with extinction. From whatever point of view it is examined, the subsidy is a wasteful extravagance and opposed to the best national interests.—*A. H., Bodmin.*

British Best

My firm is an old-established, very conservative concern, and refused to trade in foreign goods for a long time. However, it was obliged to do so to keep up with its competitors, but soon found customers clamouring for British goods of superior quality, and had to revert to them again. Both the customers and my firm have come to the conclusion that it pays to buy British in spite of higher price.—*A. W. B., Northampton.*

Dear Patriotism

I am afraid the slogan, "Buy British Goods," is dying out amongst the working class of this country, not through lack of patriotism, but because they are compelled to buy the cheapest. Why cannot we compete with other countries? Surely it is not the cost of production now? How many little lives will be cheered this Christmas by toys, even if made in Germany?—*J. H., Longton.*

The Real Exploiter

Whenever wage cuts are proposed, the workers are invariably told that it is the inevitable result of foreign competition. But the workers are never told that the foreign competition is often financed and controlled by British commercialists. When we are apt to decry foreign competition, with its meagre wages and long hours, let us also condemn the British capitalists who, for the greed of inflated profits, exploit the foreigner and starve the Briton.—*J. C., Bradford.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Stupid Illusion

To compel shopkeepers to mark their goods with the name of the country from which they come will not stimulate the sale of British goods. The people know better than any Government what they want, and no amount of stupid legislation of this kind will deter them from exercising their own judgment and their own rights in this direction.—*J. S., Cumberland.*

Tin Tinkering

Lord Askwith, chairman of the London Tin Syndicate, stated recently that there is a world shortage of tin and increased production is an urgent necessity. On the same day an article appeared in a daily paper deploring the fact that Cornish tin mines are being shut down, with consequent unemployment. These two conflicting statements are a riddle to the ordinary man.—*W. L., Regent's Park.*

Don't Flog Them!

I hope you will permit me to register emphatic disagreement with the article "Flog the Devils" (JOHN BULL, December 10). The writer's judgment has been influenced by his natural indignation at the fiendish cruelties to children which he details. No one desires leniency for such crimes, but history proves that flogging is no remedy. To revert to it would be a disgrace to our civilisation.—*D. M., Whetstone.*

1914—1927

Having served in three campaigns—India, Africa and the Great War—wearing five medals and acted as drill instructor, with V.G. character, now unemployed and drawing the "dole," I applied at the employment exchange for a post as temporary postman during the Christmas week, and was informed that I was too old, my age being fifty-five. Too old to issue letters, but capable of doing route marches of anything up to thirty miles per day!—*W., S. Shields.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"DAILY SKETCH": "Mr. —— has purchased the GOLD LINKS at Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight."

"POPULAR PICTORIAL" (Story): "Dick kicked off his shoes AND HIS COLLAR, and lay down on his bed fully dressed."

"EVENING STANDARD": "PEASANT SHOOTING in Wales is unusually promising."

"EXPRESS AND STAR": "A bundle of cheques and a TREASURY NOTE FOR A SHILLING were left behind."

"HASTINGS ARGUS": "The price of admission will be sixpence for adults and threepence for LADIES AND CHILDREN."

"LANCASHIRE EVENING POST": "To let, for POULTRY, NEW HOUSE, three bedrooms, parlour, eight acres."

"KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER": "This year's festival will extend over a WHOLE MONTH, commencing on March 1st and concluding on October 31st."

"FAMOUS STORY MAGAZINE": "Below his dreaming ardent eyes was a straight delicate ROSE."

Appalling Waste

In 1914, war time, and with the naval personnel at full strength, the Admiralty cost £500,000 a year. To-day, peace time, with reduced ships and personnel and the crying need for drastic economy, it costs £1,250,000! Even allowing that costs have increased by 75 per cent. since then, is that a logical excuse for maintaining the Admiralty at war-time strength?—*A. M., London.*

What a Tangle!

Mr. E. Rolfe Thompson's scheme for a Ministry to investigate social problems is good; but the difficulty is to get the reforms enacted. The Samuel Report was an exhaustive study of the mines problem; it was ignored. The housing problem is well known; we tinker with it. A report on the anti-social effects of trusts was made; it was pigeon-holed. Clearly it is not so much knowledge we need as the will to cut ruthlessly through the tangle of vested interests which block the way to reform.—*F. L., Aylesbury.*

Wrong Spirit

Replying to a speech by Mr. Coolidge, the British Home Secretary stated that the Cabinet holds the same responsibility here as Coolidge in America, to build what it considers necessary without reference to demands, wishes or intentions of any other nation. If that is the spirit in which the two greatest naval Powers approach the problem, the prospect of a sensible settlement is indeed remote.—*Disgusted, Rhondda.*

Hampering Restrictions

Recently a deputation waited on the Minister of Health to represent to him the immense loss caused in the provision trade by the ban of borax preservative, held to be no more harmful than salt in the small percentage used by as many authorities as are against it. Although it is impossible to keep sausage meat, bacon, etc., for any length of time without this small percentage of preservative, the Minister, in effect, said all this loss must go on. It is a pity that these gentlemen who are where they are to help industry are blind to what they are doing.—*A., Birmingham.*

Good Work

The provision of meals for school-children is a question that has received a full share of attention by the Board of Education, by local education authorities and by teachers all over the country. Most local education authorities insist on teachers supervising meals taken at school, and do all possible to encourage the provision of hot midday meals. Teachers willingly do such supervision and often do much to assist in making the meals as cheap as possible by raising money to assist the cooking funds.—*R. C. H., Gerrans.*

Britishers Barred

In 1921 I left the Merchant Service after many years at the game. I was unable to obtain a berth owing to the monopoly of coloured labour. After working at the mines, etc., I managed to return to the sea, in the middle of this year. I signed as ship's fireman and worked with Arabs. When the vessel paid off in Liverpool recently, I was told that the job would be entirely managed by Arabs next trip. On a visit to Sunderland the other week, two ships signed. These ships took all coloured men down below, and I am left unemployed.—*F. C., Durham.*

Have you got 'IT'?

The girl with IT is always popular. IT makes life worth while. What's the secret of IT? Just this—*perfect health.* If you are run down or nervy, you lack IT; if you are the victim of anaemia, you lack IT. And you can't keep IT if you are constantly troubled with headaches.

Every girl can get 'IT'!

No girl should deny herself IT in these days when medical science is so helpful. It is so easy and inexpensive to take the correct treatment. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are most helpful. They contain in convenient form blood nutrients, nerve restoratives, hypophosphites, digestive enzymes and stomachics—the essential ingredients in the treatment of nerve ailments.

Take a short course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Your nerves will be strengthened, headaches will become a thing of the past, and you will be surprised at the improvement in your bodily health.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

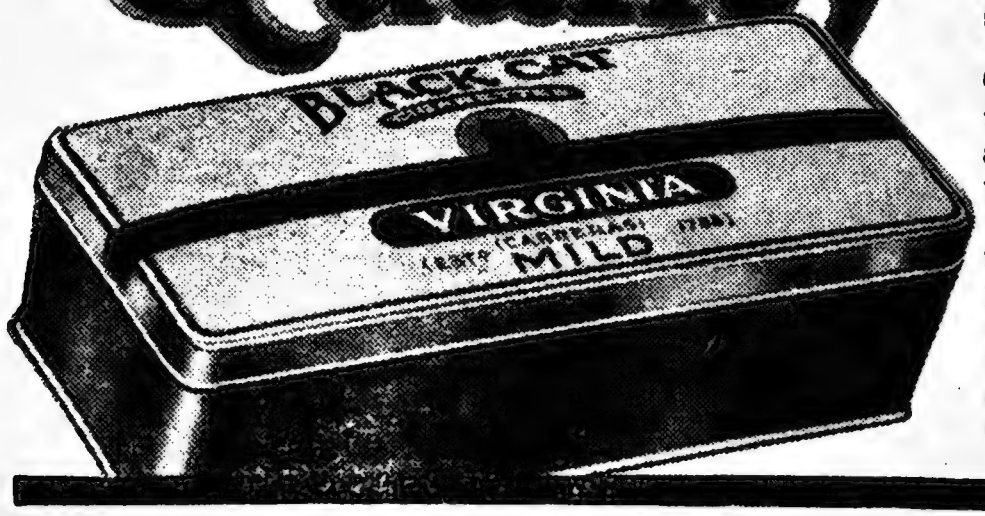
1/3 and 3/- per box

Sole Producers: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.

Carreras solve your

CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
These four packings make excellent gifts
INKSTAND CABINET
Containing 200 Cigarettes, and Quill Pen. Price 10/6
A Permanent Cigarette Cabinet—free from advertising matter
NEW SIZE TIN of 150, 7/6d.
Also in Rich Red Tins of 50's, 2/6. 100's, 5/-
CRAVEN "A"
CRAVEN "A"
CRAVEN "A"

Quality first —



Quality first has always been the motto of the makers of BLACK CAT CIGARETTES and that is the reason for their increasing popularity.

Every BLACK CAT CIGARETTE must reach the Carreras standard of quality and purity. BLACK CAT CIGARETTES are made from the highest quality pure virginia tobacco—they are absolutely free from adulteration of any kind, and moreover, every cigarette is FULL SIZE.

Xmas Gift Problem

"TURF"

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

ROULETTE WHEEL CABINET

Containing

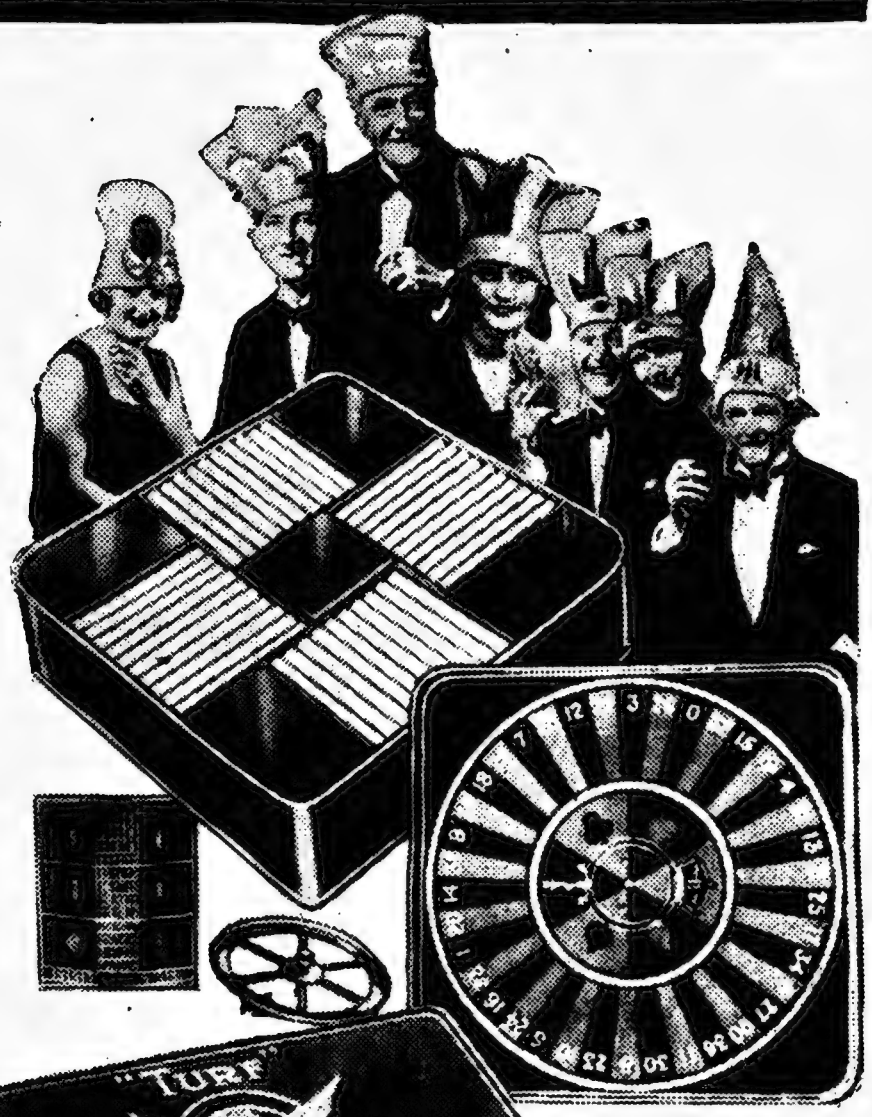
200 Cigarettes, Roulette Board, Brass Spinning Wheel and

complete table plan, size 19½ × 15¾ with full directions on back.

Price 10/6 Each

Also Tins of

50's 2/6. 100's 5/-



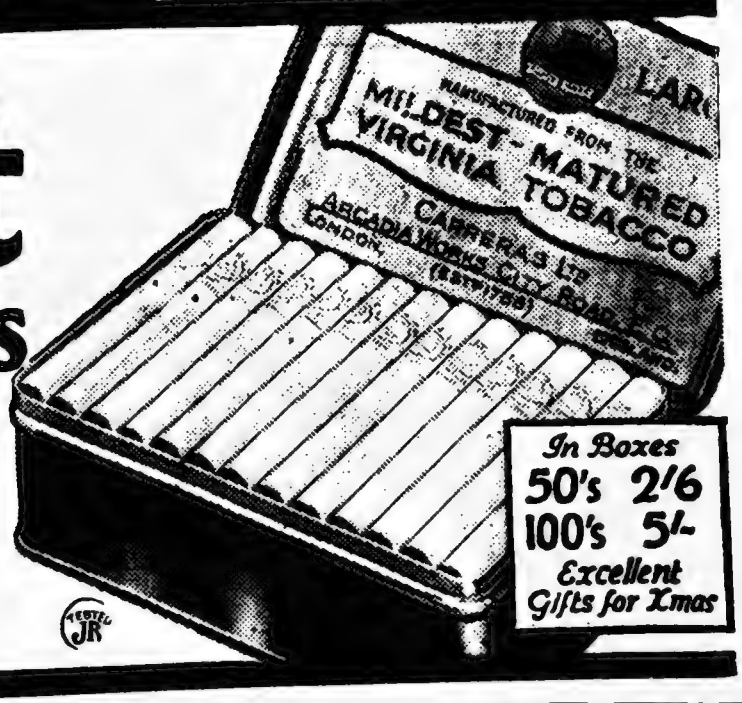
Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

TRADE MARK

The Free Gifts given with BLACK CAT coupons are well worth having—they are QUALITY GIFTS MADE BY QUALITY FIRMS, and include Kodak Cameras, Neutron Valves, Three Queen Hosiery, Brownie Wireless Sets and over 260 other equally attractive articles.

Coupons in all Packings.



In Boxes
50's 2/6
100's 5/-
Excellent Gifts for Xmas

"John Bull's"
Golden Gift Set.

One Shilling Gift Voucher

This Xmas Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Pen.
Only one Voucher will be taken in part payment for each pen. Offer available until December 31st, 1927.

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL Free

only 3 more days!

This offer is available until Dec. 31, bu you must make immediate application if you are to receive your Go.den Gift Set in time for Christmas.

Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

The "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen. Fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped. Admittedly equal to pens sold at 17/6. All British. Two years guarantee with each Pen. *Name in gold on pen gives it the finishing touch.*

Gentleman's Presentation Pencil.

Lady's Presentation Pencil.

If you are thinking about a last-minute Gift for a friend, give him or her a "John Bull" Golden Gift Set. Catch the next post with your application!

OUR GREAT OFFER:

1s. GIFT VOUCHER will be accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the world-famous **5/-** "John Bull" Pen. In addition, with each pen will be presented a magnificent **2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE,** heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. The Pen and Pencil will be packed in a dazzling Golden Box. Cut out presentation Voucher above, attach to Coupon below and post to-day.

Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., 77, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.) **6**

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.
(Write in capitals name desired.).....

Cross Cheque P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." **J.B.24.12.27.**

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

DON'T join the "All is Lost" Brigade. Members of that have never availed themselves of the services of JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service, and sent particulars of their troubles (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, to be dealt with by its staff of experts. Join the thousands who have been made happy by following the advice given, and leave the down-at-the-mouth brigade to itself.*

W. G. T. (Gosport).—"You are an ass, sir." Snap!

E. S. (Sheffield).—"I touched wood." Disarranged your hair?

Miss J. (Lewisham).—"I remain single from choice." Whose?

H. R. (Harlesden).—"I pin my faith to you." A safety pin.

W. W. (Small Heath).—"My girl is essentially feminine." Unique!

T. C. (Guildford).—"I can't stop work." Then we suppose the thing will have to go on.

L. M. (Swanage).—"She is just as clever as I am." Why run the girl down?

B. Y. (Chester).—"He had a job in a brewery during the war." An XXX-Service man.

M. D. (London, N.).—"My wife has never won a prize in her life." Modest fellow!

R. H. (Shoreditch).—"I do conjuring tricks with coins." That's nothing. Anybody can make them disappear.

T. M. (Letchworth).—"I enjoy your paper." Admission 2d., including entertainment tax.

BERTHA (Holloway).—"I enclose my photograph. I am going on the stage." Why?

T. B. (Selhurst).—"Did you consider my article?" Yes, we considered it awful.

L. Y. (Rugby).—"I enclose a few funny stories." You don't. They aren't.

D. N. (Camberwell).—"You must admit I am trying." Oh yes, you certainly are—very.

T. V. (Norbiton).—"My husband is a flirt. What shall I do?" Flirt with him.

T. Y. (Bradford).—"I owe you several letters." There's no hurry. In fact, you needn't settle the debt at all.

P. T. (Southend).—"I was reading a very old magazine the other day." And did you have the tooth out?

GEORGE (Dudley).—"I am wondering what the outcome of my proposal will be." We could guess better if we knew your income.

R. L. (Cricklewood).—"Finding I couldn't receive the friends I had invited, I sent them my photo as a Christmas-card." What an excellent way of putting them off!

S. L. (London, N.).—"I was in the middle of my speech when I heard a braying noise from the back of the hall." It was probably an echo.

CITY MAN (Paternoster Row).—"Who floated the first company?" Noah.

A. T. (Sleaford).—"How can I stop stuttering?" Don't talk.

H. B. (Gloucester).—"Women are like flowers." When they fade they dye.

G. J. C. (Staines).—"It's better to give than to lend." And it generally costs about the same.

T. V. (Chelsea).—"Love is a quest and marriage a conquest." And divorce an inquest.

A. Y. (Peterhead).—"A good time has elapsed since I last wrote to you." Yes, it *was* a good time.

A. L. (Holmes).—"Who is the champion British heavyweight?" You don't know? Great Scott!

B. T. V. (Southampton).—"My wife is one of a thousand." You seem to run a very extensive harem.

P. L. (Caterham).—"Common-sense is what this country needs." And commons sense.

L. P. (Ilford).—"He is said to have paid £50,000 for an estate." That was a great deal.

L. T. (Purley).—"The laws of this country are strong." And yet they are broken every day.

TEACHER (London, N.).—"No more school for six weeks!" Bye, Bye, Blackboard!

F. M. (Sandgate).—"I once caught a fish weighing half a ton." It sounds a dreadful whopper.

MRS. C. (Coniston).—"She tells me I look older every day." Tell her when you don't you'll be dead.

L. M. (Mayfair).—"I have a theory that fat men are more honest than thin men." But how can round men be the squarest?

M. L. (Lincoln).—"I saw an exhibition of instruments of torture used in the Middle Ages." The saxophone, of course, came later.

J. T. (Mablethorpe).—"What will make a good fire on a Christmas pudding besides brandy?" Petrol, but the flavour is probably awful.

D. N. B. (Cookham).—"What will the historians of the next generation say of the next war?" As usual, we suppose, they'll call it the last.

"YANK" (Golders Green).—"Compared with the Mississippi the Thames is a sickly river." It's seldom confined to its bed, anyhow.

B. T. (Chenies).—"I am thinking about going to America; how much will it cost me?" Thinking about it won't cost you anything.

J. M. (Rawtenstall).—"I have the name of being both lavish and generous." You can deny yourself nothing, in fact?

F. N. S. (London, W.).—"Recently I attended a special service for golfers." Was your opening hymn, "We plough the fields and scatter"?

M. G. (Ramsgate).—"The present problems in this country are hard to solve." Haven't you bought your Christmas gifts yet?

G. M. (Ilesworth).—"My small son has an ambition to be a stoker." All the year round or just at the Christmas dinner table?

F. M. (Chalfont).—"The early bird gets the worm." And the early cat gets the bird from indignant householders.

F. N. (Birmingham).—"What is the greatest curiosity in the world?" A woman's.

L. R. (Preston).—"I find it hard to live within my income." It would be harder to live without it.

F. M. C. (Chester).—"Badly-fitting artificial teeth are a handicap to a girl." But they don't stop her clicking.

T. V. (Chertsey).—"I am an actor, Sir, and a star actor at that." Read star backwards, and you have our comment.

J. M. (Inverness).—"My wife doesn't care for my bachelor friends." You'd be very annoyed if she did.

P. T. (Lynton).—"A man is never so old as he feels." And a woman is never so old as other women say she is.

T. B. (Dover).—"The modern girl is as bad as the modern boy." This adds to the difficulty of telling which is which.

L. G. (Amhurst).—"What is worse than a guest at a party who can sing and won't." One who can't sing and does.

S. N. (Hove).—"I have given my sweetheart a lip-stick for her birthday." We suppose you'll get some of it back?

F. M. V. (Chester).—"A friend in need is a friend indeed." A friend who is not in need is better still.

T. B. (Amersham).—"As I performed my conjuring tricks the audience sat open-mouthed." All yawning?

G. M. (Hoxton).—"He says he'll get his hair cut when he's got time." Yes; they'll do it free then.

T. P. (Shrewsbury).—"My name won't be in the New Year Honours." It will if you w n the *Bullets* £500 this week.

MRS. G. (Redcar).—"My sister's hubby is jealous, but mine isn't." How embarrassing; how humiliating.

J. J. (Wallasey).—"Even the railways show signs of Christmas festivity." All seasons ready!

MOIRA (Dinchurch).—"I greatly admire your style." We greatly admire your taste.

F. K. (Micklefield).—"Please can you tell me where Mr. Baldwin lives when not at No. 10?" In the thick of it.

G. L. (Putney).—"I really don't think there's one honest man in the world." What a splendid chance for you to butt in and be the first.

MRS. D. (Crumpsall).—"Our baby slept two days without ever waking up for more than a minute." Another strange case of kidnapping!

MRS. B. (Clapham).—"A woman likes an indulgent husband at Christmas time." Even when friends bringing him home prop him up against the door and knock?

MRS. A. (Saltaire).—"Before marriage he thought there was no one in the world like me." And now he'd probably hate to think there was.

MRS. W. (Cardiff).—"The doctor calls so often at the house opposite I can't help wondering what they've got." Our guess is money.

MRS. N. (Bradford).—"I'd give every child in the street a big stocking only I can't afford it." Don't let that prevent you giving a few little ones that you can afford.

R. M. (Burton).—"What do you like best on your face after shaving?" A whole skin.

J. W. (Beeston).—"My better half is as small and cheerful as a canary." A short wife and a merry one!

H. G. (Hastings).—"I have never in my life played second fiddle." Another happy bachelor!

B. F. (Sugden).—"Neither I nor my wife claims to be boss of this house." Got a first baby?

F. R. (Stepney).—"If I call don't keep me waiting like a fool." Sir, we cannot help what our visitors look like.

MRS. O. (Portsmouth).—"When is your birthday?" Whenever you feel it most convenient to send your felicitations, madam.

H. G. (Leeds).—"I dread the coming of the flapper vote." Oh, girls of to-day are not nearly so red as they're painted.

"AUTHOR" (Taunton).—"I consider my stories as capital." And the work needed to get them accepted as labour?

J. N (Victoria).—"I think that everybody has a dual personality." It is hard to believe, however, that tax-collectors are partly human.

MISS G. (Kew).—"Fashions are so varied a girl does not know what is best to wear." Wear a cheerful look and pleasant smile for a good start.

G. P. (Morecambe).—"Nursery jingles have no meaning for young folk to-day." Dunno; young fellows who go to dances with rings on their fingers very often have belles on their toes.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Sip it
Drink it
Drain it
STONE'S
GINGER WINE
Stone's, the Original Ginger Wine, can be obtained from Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere. Famous since 1740.

CORNS

Just a packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates, a basin of hot water and ten minutes of your time. That is all you need.

Dissolve a small handful of this in a basin of hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be delighted to feel the effects of this *medicated* and *oxygenated* water; it draws and loosens that corn so that you can pick it right out with the tips of the fingers, root and all. Have a go at it to-night. Perhaps you have callouses. They can be scraped right off with the dull edge of a knife.

RAPID — EFFICIENT — SAFE

Always Reliable

For fifteen years **Reudel Bath Saltrates** has stood the test of practical use, being by far the most widely used preparation for medicating and oxygenating water. It was the first preparation ever produced to accomplish this purpose, and is still first to-day for quality and efficiency. Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately and without question.

There is only ONE Bath SALTRATES

1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

AMBITION

AN AMBITIOUS MAN is 50 per cent a salesman already. If you are ambitious, train and develop the other 50%—and be your own salesman. It is the actual selling demonstrations in which students take part that have made the British School of Salesmanship the chief training centre for salesmen. Leading business men say it is not possible to learn by means of text-book courses alone, with which we agree and that is the reason why hundreds of times each week to the London School of Selling for practical training to make themselves Worth £1,000 a year. Write for full particulars free.

SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 58, Regent St., W.C.2.

"THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU."

Are you prepared to ruin your health, or perhaps your life? Are you prepared to risk breaking up your home, perhaps to infect your partner in marriage, and bring into the world children who become blind or degenerate?

A man or woman who leads an unchaste life is practically certain to contract Venereal Disease sooner or later. Often a person is infected the first time a risk is taken.

If you desire free information, in plain cover, on the subject, write to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P, Caxton Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Stn.), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for Parents. 1s. 6d. the Set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 9d. the Set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 4d. the Set, all post free, in plain cover.

The above announcement is issued by the British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, a responsible body recognised by the Government, Secretary General, S. Norah Kaye, O.B.E.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

Christmas Roses

"And His Softest Bed was Hay"

AN ex-Service man who has been out of work for some time through illness writes that his wife is expecting a baby to be born at this time.

They have no money for coal or gas, and would not have been able to cook the food allowed them by the guardians but for the kindness of their poor neighbours.

"We have hardly any home," the husband states, "and nothing we can sell. My wife will have to lie on a straw bag on laths for her bed during her confinement with a covering of old coats."

They have applied to ex-Service funds, but have been turned empty away, and their landlord is threatening them with county court proceedings as they owe rent.

At this time, people's thoughts turn to the little King of Charity Who was born on Christmas night nineteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago—in poverty. Joseph and Mary had been turned away; "there was no room for them in the inn." And Mary gave birth to the Saviour "in a stable bare," with straw for His pallet.

In this connection, there is a legend of the birth of the Christmas rose—that a little sister of one of the shepherds who "watched their flocks by night" followed her brother to the manger, and when she saw the gifts the shepherds and the three kings brought, she was sad because she had nothing to offer, and turned back to her flocks on the hills.

Suddenly an angel appeared and asked why she was sorrowful. "Because," she answered, "I could carry no joy to the Child of Bethlehem." Whereupon, the angel waved a lily that he carried, and the ground was white with Christmas roses.

The child filled her arms with the flowers and running back to the manger heaped them at the feet of the Divine Babe, Who stretched out His hands for the blossoms and smiled His thanks on the little shepherdess.

It is still possible to bring such gifts, for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethern, ye have done it unto Me."

"The Greatest of These—" Fund will see to it that every Christmas rose given in the shape of a subscription is devoted to relieving these families and their little ones, and that nothing is deducted for the working expenses of the fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 91, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

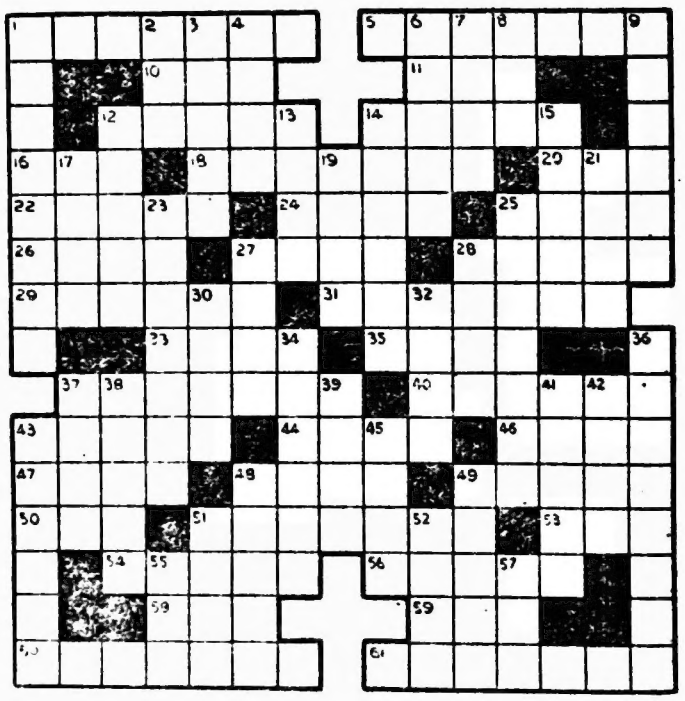
A Regular Reader, 5s.; Mrs. F. S. (Gt. Yarmouth), 1s.; In Memory of Alan, 5s.; Sheffield, 2s.; One Who Knows What Suffering is, 1s. 6d.; W. B., 1s.; Samaritan's Beginning, 1s.; Grateful (Lerwick), 5s. 3d.; F. P. (Biddenham), 2s.; Grateful, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. H. Stephenson (Wingate), £1 1s.; Mr. A. Boles (Southampton), 1s.; Mr. F. Wesson (Newport), 5s.; Mrs Reeve (Sharpness, Glos), 1s.; Mrs. M. Spencer, 1s.; M.S., 1s.; "Dabster," 9s.; Commission 9th, 4s. 6d.; On the Ninth, 3d.; H. T. (Ponty), 2s. 6d.; S. Y. F., 1s.; R. R. (Windsor), 2s.; Jessie's Ninth for Luck, 2s. 2d.; A Small Thankoffering, 2s.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 10s.; Hugh M'Naughton 10s.; O. A. P., 4s.; A Ninth (Coventry), 9d.; Mr. H. J. Winkel, 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. Clarke, 1s.; Ucalite (Sheffield), 4s.; C. Ricketts, 10s.; C/38, 6d.; Ex-Serviceman, 6d.; Anonymous Donor, 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Miss Wharton (Balderton), A Widow, H. H. (Northampton), Mrs. P. Onions, E. Neve, K. E. M., H. O. P., A Well-wisher, Mrs. T. (Bournemouth), Mrs. Hester (Hammersmith), Mrs. Stewart (Enfield), I. M. B. (Gillingham), The Vicarage (Hill Farrance, Taunton), Mrs. Burch (Lewisham), E. Clark (Welwyn), Miss Joan Lee, Miss Hill.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

How Much Do You Know?



CLUES DOWN

1. A tree lies in three sections.
2. The ocean.
3. Good-looking men.
4. Otherwise.
5. A [illegible].
6. [illegible].
7. [illegible].
8. [illegible].
9. [illegible].
10. [illegible].
11. [illegible].
12. [illegible].
13. Word of honour.
14. Kind of mineral.
15. Sheep.
16. [illegible] moved to-day.
17. Depressed hollow.
18. [illegible].
19. [illegible].
20. [illegible].
21. [illegible].
22. [illegible].
23. [illegible].
24. [illegible].
25. [illegible].
26. [illegible].
27. [illegible].
28. [illegible].
29. [illegible].
30. Collection of tents.
32. Liquid measure.
34. Complete.
36. Burial ground.
37. Fuss.
38. Foreign.
39. Read.
41. Pertaining to the Emerald Isle.
42. Group.
43. A tube.
45. An Oriental.
48. State reception.
49. Dominion.
51. To move fast.
52. 750 herrings.
55. Anger.
57. Health resort.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Bundled.
5. African spear.
10. Elongated fish.
11. Bricklayer's implement.
12. Dish made of eggs.
14. Guide.
16. Equality.
18. Towards the ocean.
20. Trouble.
22. Commonplace.
24. Learning.
25. Winged animal.
26. Period of time.
27. O.
28. Width of ship's bottom.
29. A material.
31. Aged.
33. A weathercock.
35. Celtic language.
37. Attire.
40. Raiment.
43. Pugnacious menacing.
44. A side.
46. Neat.
47. Wrong.
48. Perverter of the truth.
49. Elevate.
50. Observe.
51. A row of houses.
53. A collection
54. Courage.
56. Confused heap.
58. Fallow deer.
59. Mountain.
60. Connected.
61. Cowardly.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on this page

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle drawn by us

£10 For a Postcard.

Turn to page 21 and enter this easy competition—a few words may win you £10 and there is no entrance fee.

Be a sport!

You will spend a happier Christmas if you respond to any of the Appeals on page 27. Thank your lucky stars that you do not want the help of any of these most needy organisations, who depend on YOUR help. Be a sport! Send what you can afford, and remember "He who gives quickly, gives twice."

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our expert are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.—ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

MAZAWATTEE TEA

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

ZIG-ZAG

The Original Automatic Packing

FINAL OFFER

200 'BULLETS' HAMPERS

FIRST PRIZE

£500

200 NEW YEAR HAMPERS To be despatched early in the New Year

This hamper contains – A Plump Surrey Fowl, Pork Sausages, Dundee Cake, Fancy Tin of Biscuits, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crystallized Fruit & a Bottle of Fine Old Port.

Second Prize **£50**

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

Third Prize **£25**

100 OF 10/- 200 OF 5/- 500 OF 2/6 10,000 TARGET PRIZES

A Christmas Message

I WILL borrow the words of a recent £500 *Bullet* for my Christmas message to you—may there be no "winter" about your Christmas this year.

If you are one of the 3,500 Competitors who have won a *Bullets* Hamper, Turkey, Fowl or Christmas Cake, may you enjoy it to the full on Christmas Day. If success has yet to come your way, may it come soon, bringing you one of the substantial prizes which will be offered in the New Year.

The Competition Editor.

The result of Competition No. 659 (£1,250 Offer) will appear in the issue published January 4, 1928.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The first prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 662.

QUEEN MARY
1928
CONCERT OF NATIONS
CRUEL BLOW
LEAVING BRITAIN
ANOTHER BABY
CLOSED ON SUNDAY
ON THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM
BETTER TRADE
OUR FARMS
ANXIOUSLY
AN AGHING HEART
NOBODY WANTS
HER DREAM
PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT
SMILES
WHAT'S WRONG WITH
LIKE ME
MARRIAGE
WHAT FATHER DIDN'T SAY
WHAT IS THE AIR?

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 661 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—BALDWIN'S PROBLEM
Bullet:—WHERE WIFE HIDES MATCHES.
Example:—OUR HEROES
Bullet:—WORKLESS—HOMELESS—PENNILESS—NEVERTHELESS—
Example:—IF I WERE FORD
Bullet:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 661.

THE OLD YEAR
A GOOD OMEN
SOME PEOPLE THINK
AMERICA'S MONEY
AT THE JOURNEY'S END
IF ARMS WERE ABOLISHED
REINS OF GOVERNMENT
WHAT THE MANAGER SAID
CAT AND DOG
SHEATHING THE SWORD
RISKING HIS LIFE
ROLL OF HONOUR
WHAT'S WRONG WITH RUSSIA
AN ORPHAN
SENT TO PRISON
FOR THE FILMS
JOY OF LIFE
DARK DIPLOMACY
UNLIKE FATHER
HIS EPITAPH
MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL
HOUSE-KEEPING MONEY
ALL OVER
WASTING WORDS
HALF-HEARTEDLY
AN ACCIDENT
FIRST HOME
WORDS OF WISDOM
A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE
PLAYMATES
A DIFFERENT MATTER
WHAT IS INDUSTRY?

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 661, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Enter name and address on each coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(661) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

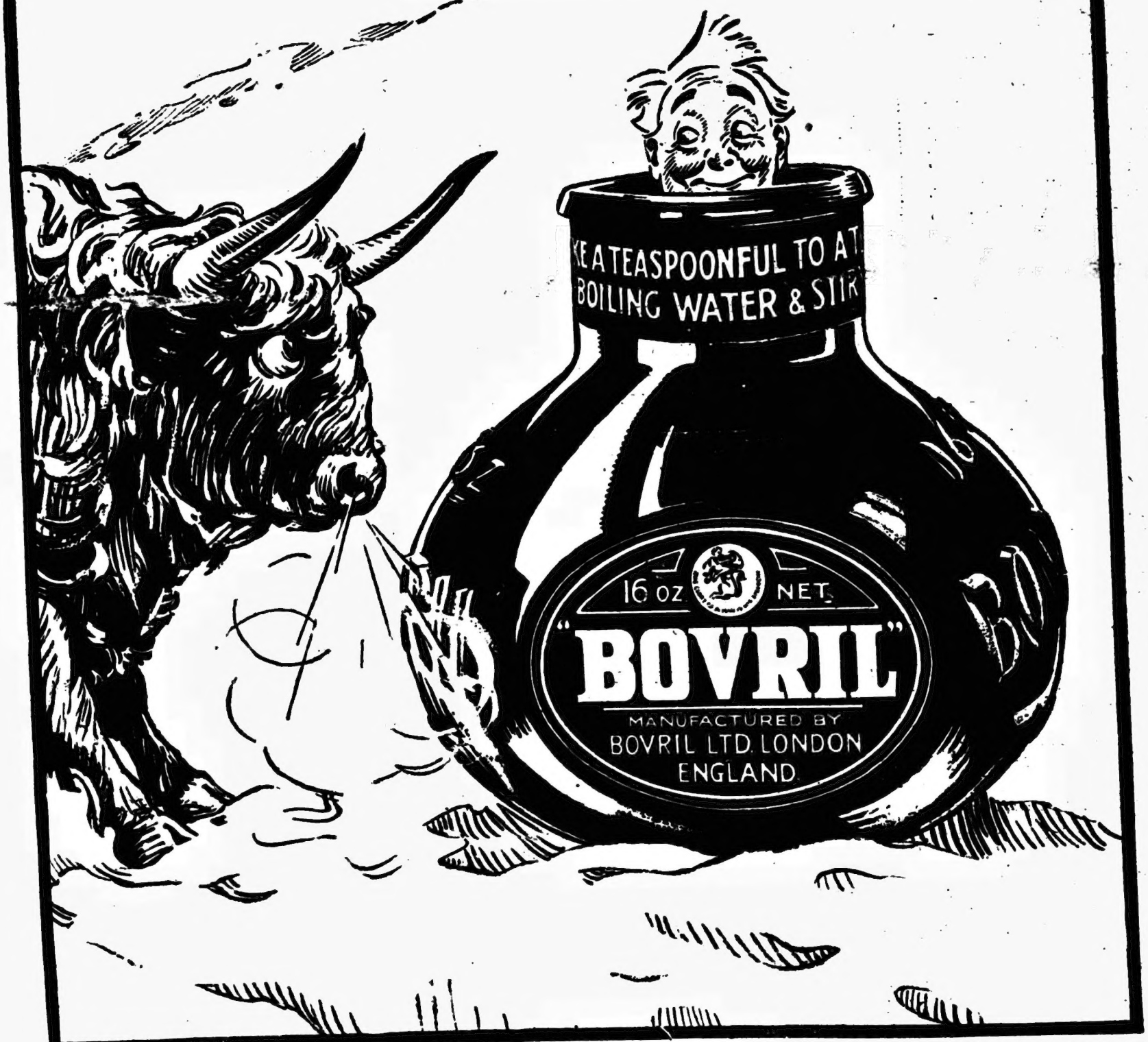
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 653 can now be seen in the window of Mr. C. B. Rawlings, Queen Ann Road, Barton Hill, Bristol.

NEW YEAR PRIZES COMING

BOVRIL has saved my life again!



Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post Free all over the World. 15s per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia & New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., 14, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4. Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. For America: International News Co., 1, Arrick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops at 73, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 246, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.